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(JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

REVIEWS.

The History of Ireland. By Thomas Moore, Esq. Vol. I. London: Longman & Co.

Mr. Moore has devoted his first volume to the most hopeless of all subjects—the traditional history of Ireland, as composed by the bards and monks of the middle ages, or compiled from their legends by the annalists of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. He entered on his task with some misgivings, for he says—

“So intermixed together are reality and fiction in the first records of most nations, and each, in passing through the medium of tradition, assumes so deceivingly the features of the other, that the attempt to distinguish between them, is a task of no ordinary responsibility; more especially where national vanity has become interested in the result; or where, as in the case of Ireland, a far deeper feeling of wounded pride seeks relief from the sense of present humiliation and suffering, in such indistinct dreams of former glory.”

Whatever may be the cause, the Irish are the only European nations that cling to pretensions of extravagant antiquity, and claim for their ancestors an advanced state of civilization, ere Greece had emerged from barbarism, or Romulus commenced to build his city on the Capitoline hill. Mr. Moore is, of course, guiltless of such folly; he endeavours to hold a middle course between scepticism and credulity; but, in spite of his better judgment, he is too frequently dazzled by those dreams of former glory which had floated before his youthful imagination;—he cannot merge the poet in the historian. The authorities for the condition of Ireland, before the introduction of Christianity, are neither numerous nor trustworthy; they are principally annalists of the tenth and eleventh centuries, who compiled their narratives from popular traditions and poetic legends, interweaving them with portions of Scripture history, and some of the most prominent facts and fables derived from Greek and Roman literature. To invent a scheme of chronology by which these anomalous materials could be held together, to supply breaks in genealogical lists, either by simple invention or by representing contemporary as successive dynasties, are arts too familiar to the manufacturers of legendary history, to be omitted by the monkish annalists of Ireland: but they saw not that this very completeness is the most certain proof of deception, and that the circumstantiality of their narratives clearly proves them to be mere romances. Without entering into any minute disquisition on the origin of the Irish nation, it may be generally stated, that several successive colonies, of which the most remarkable were the Fir-Bolgs (Belgae) and the Tuatha-de-Danaan (Dannii) established themselves in the island at some uncertain period: that at some equally unknown time, the Phœnicians, through their Spanish colonies, carried on

a pretty extensive trade with Ireland, and this led to a very intimate connexion between Spain and Ireland, whose existence is the best established fact in Irish history. The articles imported by the Phœnicians, from the islands beyond the straits of Hercules, were tin, lead, and skins. Now, Ireland produces no tin, and has but few lead mines; consequently, it must have principally supplied the fur and hides; or, in other words, the Irish stood in the same relation to the Phœnicians, that the North American Indians do to the English merchants of the present day.

That the trade with the Phœnicians brought no rapid improvement in civilization, is demonstrable; Ireland, down to the historical period, was little better than one vast forest; and its bogs, at the present hour, confirm the account of all judicious writers. With the exception of the Round Towers, whose age and purpose have been made the theme of more idle conjecture than any edifices on the face of the globe, Ireland contains no stone building of earlier date than the eleventh century. St. Bernard, in his Life of Archbishop Malachie, declares that the stone oratory, erected by that prelate at Bangor (Ban choir), excited the surprise of his countrymen, one of whom exclaimed, “O good man, what levity could induce you to erect such a novelty in our country!” Finally, the Irish laws of property, inheritance, and succession, could only have been devised in an age of barbarism, which they were well calculated to perpetuate. Let us now look to foreign authorities: Diodorus Siculus in his fifth book says, “The most ferocious of all the Gauls, are those who inhabit the north, as the Britons that occupy Ireland.” In another place he calls them “cannibals,” and his testimony is confirmed by Strabo, and St. Jerome. Equally unfavourable is the evidence of Tacitus, of Solinus, and of Pomponius Mela. If, however, there be antiquarians who prefer to these authorities, the absurd legends of monks and sennachies, it would be idle to attempt dispelling the delusion of men beyond the reach of argument.

A glimmering of historical light begins to be seen about the second century before the Christian era, when Ireland fell under the power of the Milesians, a tribe supposed to have migrated from the shores of the Caspian into Spain, and thence to have sent a colony into Ireland. The Milesians, whoever they were, treated the native Irish with as little tenderness as they themselves experienced from the Anglo-Normans in a subsequent age. They seem alone to have possessed the use of letters, for all the memoirs of the struggle between the oppressors and the oppressed are the songs of the Milesian bards, who, of course, “stand by their order.” It is curious that Mr. Moore should have adopted their prejudices, and described the insurgents as a rebellious rabble, forgetting that he once sung—

Rebellion! foul dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.

We dare be sworn, that as Mr. Moore advances in his history, we shall not find his sympathies continue to favour the dominant party.

Turning, without reluctance, from the uncertain traditions relating to Pagan Ireland, we come to the introduction of Christianity into the island, where it encountered less resistance than in any other European country. This was chiefly owing to the prudence of the first missionaries, who accommodated the forms they found prevailing to the faith they were anxious to introduce:—

“At every step, indeed, the transition to a new faith was smoothed by such coincidences or adoptions. The convert saw in the baptismal font, where he was immersed, the sacred well at which his fathers had worshipped. The Druidical stone on the ‘high places’ bore, rudely graved upon it, the name of the Redeemer; and it was in general by the side of those ancient pillar-towers—whose origin was even then, perhaps, a mystery—that, in order to share in the solemn feelings which they inspired, the Christian temples arose. With the same view, the Sacred Grove was anew consecrated to religion, and the word Dair, or oak, so often combined with the names of churches in Ireland, sufficiently marks the favourite haunts of the idolatry which they superseded. In some instances, the accustomed objects of former worship were associated, even more intimately, with the new faith; and the order of Druidesses, as well as the idolatry which they practised, seemed to be revived, or rather continued, by the Nuns of St. Bridget, in their inextinguishable fire and miraculous oak at Kildare.”

The effects produced by the establishment of Christianity in Ireland were remarkable; Mr. Moore has stated them with great truth and feeling:—

“The fervid eagerness and rapidity with which the new faith had been embraced wore so much the appearance of that sort of enthusiasm which mere novelty often excites, that it would have seemed but in the natural course of affairs had there succeeded a lull to all this excitement, and had such a burst of religious zeal, throughout the great mass of the people,—deprived entirely, as it was, of the fuel which persecution always ministers,—subsided speedily into that state of languor, if not of dangerous indifference, in which the uncontested triumph of human desires almost invariably ends. But in this, as in all other respects, the course of the change now worked in the minds of the people of Ireland was peculiar and unprecedented; and, striking as was their zeal and promptitude in adopting the new faith, the steady fervour with which they now devoted themselves to its doctrines and discipline was even still more remarkable. From this period, indeed, the drama of Irish history begins to assume an entirely different character. Instead of the furious strife of kings and chieftains forming, as before, its main action and interest, this stormy spectacle gives way to the pure and peaceful triumphs of religion. Illustrious saints, of both sexes, pass in review before our eyes:—the cowl and the veil eclipse the glory even of the regal crown; and, instead

of the grand and festive halls of Tara, and Emania, the lonely cell of the fasting penitent becomes the scene of fame."

Unfortunately, "The Traveller in search of a Religion" now usurps the place of the historian, and enters into a long and laboured proof that the tenets of the ancient Irish Christians were the same as those of the church of Rome. We have no inclination to enter into this controversy, which has neither interest nor utility to recommend it: suffice it to say, that St. Jerome brands the Irish Church as schismatic, and therefore assails their country with all the acrimonious abuse for which he was so eminently distinguished—that the Irish priests had permission to marry—that the communion was administered to the laity in both kinds—and that Irish prelates did *not* receive the pall of investiture from Rome until about the time of the English invasion;—finally, the Pope gave Ireland to Henry II., on account of the asserted heresy of its inhabitants. Hardyng's Chronicle states this in very plain terms.

The Kyng Henry then conquered all Ireland

By papal dome, there of his royalties

The profits and revenues of the lande,

The dominacion and the sovereignty,

For error which agayn the spiritualtee

They helde full longe, and would not been correctes

Of heresyes with which they were infecte.

With more pardonable fondness, Mr. Moore dwells on the period when Ireland, by the general consent of all Christendom, bore the title of "the island of saints," when, removed by its situation from the sanguinary wars and tumults that devastated Europe, its monasteries and halls afforded instruction to the youthful student whom love of learning brought from distant shores, and shelter to the aged scholar who sought there the safety and tranquillity denied to him in his native land.

We have not read this volume with the pleasure we anticipated; the antiquarian discussion of legendary history in one half of it, and the religious controversy in the other, are topics that cannot be rendered agreeable even by the charms of Mr. Moore's fascinating style:

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms

Of hairs or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

The things we know are neither rich nor rare,

But wonder how the devil they got there.

We cannot conclude without expressing our surprise at the announcement that this work is to be completed in three volumes! This first volume brings us down only to the time of the first Danish invasion, and if the same proportion be observed, the third volume will scarcely include the era of the Reformation.

Notes on a Journey through Belgium, Holland, and the West of Germany, including Letters and Fragments. By Amadié Clausade—[*Feuilles de Voyage, &c.*] Paris: Delaunay; London, Bossange & Co.

If anything were necessary to prove the rising importance of the central portion of the European continent, the increase of travellers and note-takers, who now make that region the scene of their labours, might be taken as good evidence of the fact. A journey through Belgium and up the Rhine is not merely a fashion, but a rage. It is not alone, we think, the beautiful scenery of "the abounding river," that solicits the stream of summer excursion towards this channel; the

vast developement of agricultural and manufacturing industry—the undisturbed antiquity of the picturesque cities—the primitive simplicity of manners—the historic and legendary reminiscences connected with the sites—the riches of art preserved in the many collections, and (may we add?) a generous sympathy for a race which, for centuries, has been made the scape-goat of every European quarrel,—each contributes something to the vogue attached to a journey through this portion of the continent. Belgium and Western Germany is, in fact, to the middle ages, all that Italy and Greece are to classic antiquity; and, could we but persuade ourselves that fashion had not more to do with the frequentation of this route, than a liberal spirit of inquiry, we should hold the pleasure and instruction it is calculated to afford, ample justification of the preference. In one point of view, a nearer acquaintance with Belgium and Western Germany is especially desirable. Crowded within its narrow and accessible limits, are to be found specimens of almost every form of government, from which statesmen (and those who are called by the high destinies of modern Europe to sit in judgment on statesmen) may effectually study the good and evil attached to each: nor will it be a trifling blessing, if the spectacle of wealth, ease, and social happiness, which even a peace of twenty years has created for so many millions of human beings, should diffuse a livelier sense of the horrors of war, and a deeper detestation of those who would wantonly renew it.

Holding these opinions of the intellectual riches of the mine, we cannot suppress our surprise, not so much at the manner in which, for the greater part, it has been worked, as at the market which subsists for its most worthless products. We have tours through Belgium and Western Germany of all shapes, sizes, and pretensions; yet, of these, the greater part are mere guide books, and many not even valuable to that very limited extent. The few exceptions might be easily named, but we abstain from doing the parties so excepted a serious injury with that influential portion of the public which rejects all books that profess to add instruction to amusement. We happen to know, that one work on Belgium, written by a person from his position the most likely to afford accurate information, has been rejected by the London publishers as "caviare to the general;" and every one knows, that a popular author has thought it necessary to avail herself of her talents for fictitious narrative, in order to pass her substantial information upon the reluctant reader, through the more enticing medium of a novel. The received opinion among the fashionable booksellers (and their ledgers are indisputable truth tellers), is, that for the purposes of a quick and ready sale, books cannot be too frivolous. It is not merely that works of science and of grave interest do not repay the outlay of publication, but that, even in the lightest literature, the intrusion of a few pages, which compel the readers to think, suffice to give them a bad character in the market. For our own part, as far as the influence of the *Athenæum* extends, we have done our endeavour to correct the abuse, and to fulfil to our uttermost the duty of honest journalists, in supporting the tone of the national intellect. But, to be influential, we must be read; and it is more

than merely prudent to have a laudable horror of what is called "a heavy number."

To the superficial mode of treating the subject, which pervades the popular travelling reports of Belgium, may be attributed much of the prejudice entertained by Englishmen respecting their own "blood relations" across the channel (for such the Belgians are), and something of the ingratitude which leads us to discredit a kindred people, from whom we received much of our commerce, our arts, and our municipal institutions. Books of travel, like portraits, are less pictures of what really exists, than of what things become in passing through the mind of the artist. What beautiful forms are daily vulgarized in reaching the canvas of vulgar painters—what intellectual indications are lost in their wooden representations: while Diogenes himself would have come out graceful to affectation, in traversing through the ideal conception of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Even so, Belgium, seen through the muddy telescope of "frivolous and vexatious" surface skimmers, appears all "barren."

In this instance, however, we are apparently not worse than our neighbours:—the Tour of Monsieur Clausade, at least, is not superior to the general run of our own; and if the produce of the British market does not suffice for the demand, we can safely recommend it, as unlikely to disturb the equanimity of the apathetic by any violent calls upon their head or heart. We have passed through its macadamized pages, without any serious jolts to disturb our repose, and have found it as light reading as vacuity can make it; sketchy and flimsy to the heart's content, with no philosophy to shock, no learning to shame, and no politics—yes there are politics, for how can anything be written without them? but they are only such occasional tirades as are inseparable from the writings of a French sentimentalist. The subjoined description of Scheveling (Scheweningen) is a pretty fair specimen of the whole:—

This village, which is at little distance from the Hague, and to which one may go on foot through a triple row of fine trees, is, perhaps, the place in Holland where the most fish is dried. It is entirely inhabited by fishermen; and the nose is not agreeably affected in its streets, which, for the rest, are remarkably clean and well kept.

From the heights of its Downs, where the Queen has built a very pretty pavilion, the north sea is commanded, and a prospect almost magical enjoyed. Perched on these elevations, which the sea has cast up, I meditated on the noble combat perpetually maintained between man and nature; between man, who is daily conquering something from the domain of the seas, and the sea, which every minute threatens to resume its ancient limits, and which surrounds itself with a vast desert of sand. Meanwhile, several greyish sails appeared on the horizon: and, in the twinkling of an eye, some fifteen large fishing-boats arranged themselves along the shore.

The spectacle thus offered to our view was enchanting. The take of fish had been great; the shore, deserted by the ebbing tide, was covered with women and children, loaded with deep baskets. Light skiffs came and went between the barks and the shore, and at every turn were new cries and new bustle. A., who then saw the sea for the first time, was perfectly enthusiastic. He had never been able to form an idea of the ocean, commensurate with its reality. At one moment, he left the Downs to walk with delight on the shore, and to pick up shells, which

he again threw away : and the next, mounted on the sandy elevations, he viewed in ecstasy the animated scene before him. Everything appeared to be arranged expressly for the purpose of completing the spectacle: the sea a little agitated—the sun nearly setting—the return of the fishers—and even a horseman galloping his fiery horse, and putting it through all its paces on the shifting sands.

At the north-west of Scheveling is a vast and beautiful establishment of baths. I did not go in, though I visited the outside, but I am still astonished at the sums it must have required to build such an edifice on such a foundation. Truly, the system of Associations is a fine thing.

With this extract we take leave of M. Amadé Clausade, and without regret.

History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, Illustrated by Original Documents. By Frederic Von Raumer. 2 vols. Murray.

[Second Notice.]

We shall now direct our attention to the illustrations of the reign of James I., a personage whom it has pleased some modern writers to eulogize, but respecting whom every fresh document brings forward something more disgraceful or disgusting than had been hitherto known. The following introductory remarks are excellent:—

"In the place of an old and worn-out woman, there ascended the throne in the person of James I. a man of thirty-seven years of age, in the vigour of his life, and by many incidents in his fortunes, formed and educated (as there was good ground to hope) for the vocation of a sovereign. Little weaknesses, which Elizabeth, conscious of her superiority in other matters, took no pains to hide, afforded to men of superficial understanding, as much ground for scoff and calumny, as James's ostentatious display of wisdom did for them to represent him as a new Solomon. This illusion, however, lasted scarcely a few months, and the greatest honour which historians now show this King, is to pass rapidly over his reign, in order to arrive at the more attractive period of the rebellion. That rebellion, however, is as little to be understood without accurate knowledge of the history of James, as the French revolution without a knowledge of the history of Louis XV. For which reason I have given myself special and not unsuccessful pains, to obtain information upon him and his time.

"Let us first listen to the judgment of the greatest King of his day, Henry IV., upon James I. In a letter of March 13, 1603, he writes to the Count Beaumont:—He displays such levity and want of thought in all his words and actions, that it is difficult to build upon him. He deals with Rome, Spain, and every power exactly as with me, but, in truth, attaches himself to none; moves in this or that direction on account of this or that expectation suggested to him by some about him, but ascertains neither the foundation nor merits of the subject,—so that, as I foresee, he will let himself be surprised in all things."

From the diplomatic reports of Beaumont we are put in possession of many curious particulars.

"Reports of May 2, 7, 12, and 17, 1603.—It is said that Cecil is doubtful as to his position, finding the King partly better informed, partly more obstinate than he thought. Cobham calls Cecil no other than a traitor. Raleigh is hated throughout the kingdom. The new Queen is enterprising, and affairs are embroiled. I will not conceal from you (says Beaumont), that I have acquaintances and intelligences enough to enable me to sow and cultivate dissensions, so

far as your majesty may instruct me to do so. Not that I advise such a course, or offer myself to conduct it, for I do not approve it, it is neither consonant to reason nor to my inclination.

"The jealousy of the English towards the Scotch increases, and is exasperated to such a degree, that some flame may well burst forth in consequence. For the latter are hungry, ambitious, and impatient; they wish to profit by the favour of the King, so long as it continues at their disposal, and to fix themselves in the public offices. The English, on the other hand, are the less disposed to endure anything to their detriment, as they are for the most part little edified with the person or mode of dealing of the King, and declare openly enough that they were deceived in the opinion they were led to entertain of him. He takes great pleasure in speaking openly and at table, and to open scholastic disputations on subjects of all descriptions, particularly religious. He also piques himself on great contempt for women: they are obliged to kneel to him on their presentation, he exhorts them openly to virtue, and scoffs with great levity at all men who pay them honour. I know that he has assailed your Majesty in a very unbecoming manner on this score, at table before a full attendance. You may, however, easily conceive that the English ladies do not spare him, but hold him in abhorrence, and tear him to pieces with their tongues, each according to her humour. * * *

"Report of July 17, 1603.—The Queen shows herself firm enough in her opinion, but (after the fashion of women) opposes the King more in domestic trifles than in great and important affairs. She is not pliant enough to give way to him in one place, in order to win more consideration and influence in another.

"Many restless persons, who encouraged her to revenge herself on her enemies, and to obtain great influence in affairs, have found in her neither capacity nor inclination for such an undertaking, whether from weakness, or mistrust arising out of their excessive heat and impatience. * * *

"The Queen said to me:—My husband ruins his affairs by excessive kindness and carelessness. He will never govern in safety, unless he make some concession to the Catholics. I am at heart a Catholic, and have sought, though in vain, to convert my husband."

"James gave the ambassadors of Denmark and Brunswick a banquet, at which he took charge of the honours of his house. The good King drank, namely, before all present, and after the innocence of the earlier ages to such purpose, that he fell on the table, after having sat at it for five hours.

"The Queen complains that she obtains no more money: I suggest to Your Majesty, in confidence, to supply her in secret."

The following extract from the Dupuy MSS. gives us Des Maret's opinions of James:—

"I endeavour to obtain audiences from King James, for in his conversation sometimes this and sometimes that escapes him. In truth, however, all his speeches end in smoke, and he never comes to deeds. He yet entertains a perfectly good opinion of himself, considers himself the arbiter of all Christendom, and specially the protector of France. If his counsels be not blindly followed, he makes such a noise and alarm that one would think him about to do wonders, but all is blown away with the winds. He wants alike money and courage.

"Always and in everything does King James insist upon flattery. As this coin costs us nothing, and he takes it for good money, it is easy to be liberal in the use of it."

The name of Winwood has been handed down to us as that of an able and upright statesman; these remarks, however, prove,

that, among the venal, he was as corrupt as others.

"The Secretary Winwood has been with me, and promised to serve me faithfully, mediocris illis, which means, if, according to my promise, I am liberal in my payments. Money is here the true Gordian knot which holds all together. Even the Queen and Villiers are to be bought. The former sees like an able woman, that her husband cannot exist without a minion, and has herself put forward Villiers, in order to maintain a steady influence over him, &c.—In any case I will take care that the English shall not get our money without doing us service."

The war of the Palatinate greatly excited the wrath of James: the notion of an elective monarchy was harshly grating to ears accustomed only to the pleasant strain of "divine right" and "indefeasible authority." Tillieres, the ambassador in 1620, thus writes:

"June 5, 1620. Since my last report, the Spanish Ambassador has had an audience of the King. So soon as the latter saw him, he said, before the other could begin to speak, 'You have reason to write to your master, that I am a traitor, a wicked man without truth or faith, on account of the affairs of the Catholics, the Baron Nort, and the assistance extended to the Palatine. But I assure you that not I, but the traitors who surround me, have done all this without my knowledge. The first is the work of the Archbishop of Canterbury, that wicked Puritan, the second of the Marquis of Buckingham, whom I point out to you as a traitor, against whom you should be on your guard. Being young and unpractised in affairs, he took money for the delivery of a passport to the Baron, but he is greatly concerned therefore, and if you would do me a pleasure, you would comfort him on the subject. At this moment he called Buckingham in, and said to him, 'George, why have you, without my privy, given a passport for money?' Because, said Buckingham, you give me nothing. Upon these words the King seized him by the head, kissed him twice, and said, now you may go.

"Hereupon he continued his conversation with Gondomar, and said, among other matters, the Palatine is a wicked man, an usurper, I will in no manner stand by him, and it is much more fitting that he, a young man, should suffer himself to be guided by an old King like myself, to a just act, the surrender of Bohemia, than that I should be by him involved in a troublesome business. The confederate princes implore my assistance, I give them, however, my royal word of honour that I will not bestow it, and request that you will write as much to the King of Spain. And yet he has, in the terms of the Protestant alliance, promised the direct contrary to the Baron Aune!!"

Truly, with such specimens of duplicity and venality, and all manner of misrule, as the foregoing extracts make us acquainted with—extracts, be it remembered, not drawn from the common-place book of some disappointed courtier, not from the diary of some discontented puritan, but from the carefully-written dispatches of the representatives of one of the most important states in Europe; surely we shall no longer be annoyed with the lachrymose cant that laments over the misfortunes of the Stuarts as a national calamity, nor with that furious partizanship which stigmatizes the demand of an insulted nation for its chartered rights as "the great rebellion."

The affairs of the Palatinate still continued to be a greater source of disquiet to James, than anything else. The reader who is well acquainted with this portion of our history, will remember that the year 1621 was

distinguished by violent manifestations of public opinion, which, although they ostensibly referred to Bohemia, were yet capable of a far more extended signification; and that the House of Commons, too, had determined to display its hostility to Spain, and its attachment to principles which, at this period, were advocated by Protestants alone, by agreeing at the commencement of the session to go in a body to St. Margaret's to receive the sacrament, and by appointing one who they well knew would "preach to the times," Usher, to deliver the sermon. James was greatly alarmed at this, the more so as he feared his daughter might be encouraged by those proceedings to come over, and plead herself for the falling cause of Protestantism in Germany. At this period Tilliers thus writes:—

"March 20, 1621. The King is in the greatest fear that the Electress Palatine, his daughter, will arrive here, and favour the party of the Puritans. Buckingham, who is not in her good graces, and knows that the King always joins the stronger party, strengthens him in this view, and uses every device to frustrate the project of this journey. The Ambassador Carleton has therefore been written to; to say to the Queen, if she should arrive at the Hague, that on pain of her father's anger, she should abstain from coming to this country. Some think that she will turn back upon this; others say she must get out of it in the most honourable manner, and not allow herself to be frightened. Nay, that it were better that she lay in the Tower, than that she should wander round the world in misery, without a safe place of refuge!

"May 29, 1621. You wish to see the grounds more exactly developed on which the King wishes his daughter not to come here. 1st, He knows the dependence of the people, and especially of the Puritans, on the Electress Palatine, and, excited by the partisans of Spain, is uncommonly jealous thereof, thinking that she may raise a great party. 2dly, The sight of her would be a continual reproach to him for having deserted her, and her demands for aid might involve him with Spain. 3dly, Buckingham is her enemy, if for nothing else, because the Puritans are his enemies. 4thly, The Marquis would fain please the Spanish Ambassador; and 5thly, equally his own wife, whom the arrival of the Electress would thrust into the back ground."

The cause of the Palatinate, however, maintained its ground; the Commons took a bolder tone, and James suddenly, in June, commanded its adjournment to November. But the Commons, to the utter horror of James, questioned his power; and, although they finally submitted, they voted a declaration which, in its free tone and bold assertion of constitutional principles, reminds us strongly of the declaration of the Long Parliament. Tilliers himself seems to have been startled, for the Parliament in that document pledged themselves to the support of their Protestant brethren in France, as well as Bohemia, and he thus writes:—

"Report of August 4, 1621. Heaven and earth are combined against us! The Puritans yell, the people is furious, the Spaniards are preparing, under the concealment of fair words, blows of the greatest consequence, so that I know not how King James will resist, although highly reluctant to take active part in a fray. In Paris, you set forth nothing but mere general grounds and considerations, which in this country have neither shine nor substance. If you tell me the King is a coward, powerless, and will give no support to the Huguenots in France, having given up his own son-in-law, I

answer—1st, that the King is timid and cowardly as soon as any ground for fear shows itself, but now, when he sees that France cannot hurt him, because she possesses no fleet, and is over employed at home, he troubles himself little about her.—2dly, His want of power is not so complete as you think, for the merchants are ready to pay for the twenty Algerine ships, a naval expedition to the French coast costs little, and with 150,000 crowns, (a sum which he can command,) he can ship over 10 or 12,000 men to France; inasmuch as his subjects display the greatest zeal to come to the assistance of their fellow religionists, are ready to revive old claims, and have such an opinion of the merits of the country, that they are ready to cross the channel without pay.—3dly, Many reasons concurred to prevent the King from supporting his son-in-law. He feared, for example, Austria and Spain, and a campaign in the distant Palatinate appeared so perilous and costly, that he could do more for a dollar in France than for twenty in Germany. * * *

"Buckingham ruins England by fomenting new factions and estranging the affections of the people by his misconduct. He becomes daily more audacious in exciting convulsions in the State, whether because he believes himself obliged to go through with what he has begun, or because he is dazzled with his good fortune, or because his mother drives him forward, a woman who meddles in everything, and is as bold as she is shameless and bad intentioned.

"The Prince of Wales's actions are so little disposed to virtue, that he is despised and hated as much as his sister is honoured and beloved."

This last paragraph certainly surprises us, for we have never before met with a writer, however violent his party feeling, who had aught to object against the *private* character of Charles. The Venetian Envoy, Valaresco, gives a short character of him, which accords more with the generally received opinion, and a forcible one of his father.

"August 15, 1622. King James speaks with two tongues, and never acts consistently with what he says. Dangerous party divisions are already the result. He would fain restrain the preachers in their discourses upon religious matters. That, however, would be to endeavour to check a mountain torrent, which is only made more furious by the obstacle.

"February 24, and March 1, 1623. The King is mutable, artificial, close, attached to peace, timorous; the proper artificer of every mischance. Good principles and feelings are extinguished in him. He loves nothing but himself, his own convenience and pleasures; he distrusts every one, suffers from extreme weakness of mind, and is tyrannized over by a constant fear of death.

"September 16, 1622. Of the Prince Charles as yet scarcely anything is to be said, except that he is, like his father, passionately addicted to the chase. Whether his obedience be the result of wise principle or natural disposition, it is hard to say; but the coldness which he displays in all his dealings, leads us to no very favourable conclusions in the case of a young man, unless on his accession to the sovereignty he display a different disposition."

Here we conclude, but only for the present. The work is so entirely to our taste, that to run gossiping over it with the reader is to follow our own pleasure.

Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland, or the Traditional History of Cromarty.
By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Black.

This is a well-imagined, a well-written, and a somewhat remarkable book. The author, though a man of talent, is not an educated

man; he is, or rather was, a common working mason in a remote town in Scotland: his education was that of humble life, and he had no other encouragement to discipline his mind, and take a step into the fields of literature, than what arose from inborn desire and natural good taste. He toiled by day with hammer or chisel, and he read and studied during the hours of remission from labour; and the result was, that, in addition to skill in his trade, he became distinguished both for his poetry and prose; and even succeeded in obtaining, what all have found hard to obtain, notice in his native place. We hear, too, that he is unaffected and modest, and has conducted himself with a propriety which has procured him many friends, and also a situation in one of the northern banking-houses. That he deserves all this countenance and encouragement, so far as talent is concerned, the work before us sufficiently proves: the language is clear; the sentiments are always pleasing, and often original; he communicates information with the readiness of one whose mind is full of it, and he is equally easy and skilful in the narrative and the dramatic. Such merits and attainments are not uncommon among the cottagers of Scotland. While the peasant of the south seeks only to know where the best ale is brewed, and the newspaper most to his mind taken in, the peasant of the north is looking forward and upward, and acquainting himself with poetry and history, till he rivals those "far seen in Greek, deep men of letters," in taste and knowledge;—nay, have we not seen one of them, at least, successfully assert his right to the very summit of the Scottish Parnassus?

Much of the history of a town (as well as of a country) is to be found in its tales and traditions: here is the little lonely sea-port of Cromarty, served up to us, garnished very neatly with scenes, and songs, and stories: when the reader tires of hill and dale, and street and stream, he may make a maritime excursion, and have a contest with smugglers or a chase with a whale; and then, returning, dine or sup with

The dainty deacons and the dounce conveners, of the ancient burgh, and hear merry songs sung, and district stories told, of all characters and complexions. It is true that the author occasionally uses more words than we think consistent with either simplicity or brevity; and errs sometimes in lingering on topics, which we dwellers in a large city cannot look upon as interesting: but these blemishes affect not the general character of the work; we have no doubt that it will be acceptable to many south as well as north.

There are tales of fairie, and of spirits, and of second sight, in this curious book; and of visions seen by night-wanderers on the tempestuous shores of Cromarty, still more incomprehensible. 'The Lady of Balconie,' too, is a story very dark and wild, and quite in keeping with the superstitious beliefs of the people of the district: we shall make room for the conclusion. The lady was seized one moonlight night by a dark figure, and thrown down a terrific chasm into which the water of Auldgrange precipitates itself: some ten years afterwards, a highlander having lost a fine salmon which he had just caught in the river, followed the track of the spoiler through ways hitherto untrod by man, till

he reached the lower part of the cataract. Mr. Miller may tell the rest:—

"From the more than twilight gloom of the place, the track he pursued seemed almost lost, and he was quite on the eve of giving up the pursuit, when, turning an abrupt angle of the rock, he found the path terminate in an immense cavern. As he entered, two gigantic dogs, which had been sleeping one on each side of the opening, rose lazily from their beds, and yawning as they turned up their slow heavy eyes to his face, laid themselves down again. A little farther on there was a chair and table of iron apparently much corroded by the damps of the cavern. Donald's fish, and a large mass of leaven prepared for baking, lay on the table; in the chair sat the lady of Balconie.

"Their astonishment was mutual. 'O Donald,' exclaimed the lady, 'what brings you here?' 'I come in quest of my fish,' said Donald, 'but, O lady, what keeps you here? Come away with me, and I will bring you home; and you will be lady of Balconie yet.' 'No no,' she replied, 'that day is past; I am fixed to this seat, and all the Highlands could not raise me from it.—Besides, look at these dogs.—O why have you come here! The fish you have denied to your mistress in the name of my jailor, and his they have become; but how are you yourself to escape?' Donald looked at the dogs. They had again risen from their beds, and were now eyeing him with a keen vigilant expression, very unlike that with which they had regarded him on his entrance. He scratched his head. 'Deed me,' he said, 'I dinna weel ken;—I maun first durk the two tykes, I'm thinking.' 'No,' said the lady, 'there is but one way:—be on the alert.' She laid hold of the mass of leaven which lay on the table, flung a piece to each of the dogs, and waved her hand for Donald to quit the cave. Away he sprang; stood for a moment, as he reached the path, to bid farewell to the lady; and, after a long and dangerous scramble among the precipices, for the way seemed narrower, and steeper, and slipperier, than when he had passed by it to the cave, he emerged from the chasm just as the evening was beginning to darken into night. And no one, since the adventure of Donald, has seen aught of the lady of Balconie."

It would, however, convey an erroneous impression of the varied merits of this modest volume, if we took our leave of it thus abruptly. In proof, therefore, that the writer has not wasted all his powers on traditional history, we shall give a part of his description of the little borough, when that fearful pestilence, which raged so fiercely in Scotland, first broke out, and the bay of Cromarty was named by government as a quarantine station.

"On a calm and beautiful evening in the month of July, 1831, a little fleet of square rigged vessels were espied in the offing, slowly advancing towards the bay. They were borne onwards by the tide, which, when flowing, rushes with much impetuosity through the narrow opening, and, as they passed under the northern Butor, there was seen from the shore, relieved by the dark cliffs which frowned over them, a pale yellow flag drooping from the mast-head of each. As they advanced further on, the tide began to recede. The foremost was towed by her boats to the common anchoring ground; and the burden of a Danish song, in which all the rowers joined, was heard echoing over the waves with a cadence so extremely melancholy, that, associating in the minds of the townspeople with ideas of death and disease, it seemed a coronach of lamentation poured out over the dead and the expiring. The other vessels threw out their anchors opposite the town;—groups of people, their countenances shaded by anxiety,

sauntered along the beach; and children ran about, shouting at the full pitch of their voices, that the ships of the plague had got up as far as the ferry. As the evening darkened, little glimmering lights, like stars, twinkled on the mast heads from whence the yellow flags had lately depended; and never did astrologer experience greater dismay when gazing at the two comets, the fiery and the pale, which preceded those years of pestilence and conflagration that wasted the capital of England, than some of the people of Cromarty did when gazing at these lights.

"Day after day vessels from the Baltic came sailing up the bay, and the fears of the people, exposed to so continual a friction, began to wear out. The first terror, however, had been communicated to the nearer parishes, and from them to the more remote; and so on it went, escorted by a train of vagabond stories that, like felons flying from justice, assumed new aspects at every stage. The whole country talked of nothing but Cholera and the Quarantine port. Such of the shopkeepers of Cromarty as were most in the good graces of the countrywomen who come to town laden with the produce of the dairy and hen-cot, and return with their little parcels of the luxuries of the grocer, experienced a marked falling away in their trade. Occasionally, however, a few of the more courageous housewives might be seen creeping warily along our streets; but, in coming in by the road which passes along the edge of the bay, they invariably struck up the hill, if the wind blew from off the quarantine vessels, and winding by a circuitous route among the fields and cottages, entered the town on the opposite side."

We must now bid farewell to Cromarty and its history, true or traditional. In legends and stories, historical or poetic, we find so much of man, and his manners and beliefs, that we think a collection of them from north or south, east or west, is worthy of encouragement. They should be taken down accurately, with all their variations, and in the language too in which they are told; and out of the rude mass, works might be formed, by delicate and skilful hands, as wild and strange, and enchaining, as anything in the range of mingled truth and fiction.

Engraved Medals, Coins, Bas-reliefs, &c.—[Trésor de Numismatique et de Glyptique; ou, Recueil général de Médailles, Monnaies, Pierres gravées, Bas-reliefs, &c. tant anciens que modernes, gravé par les procédés de M. Achille Collas, &c. Par livraisons.] Bossange & Co.

This is a work which, if properly encouraged, may have considerable influence on the public taste in regard to the fine arts; and if the selection be continued as judiciously as it has been begun, it will materially contribute to the improvement of that taste. It is an attempt to supply the public, at a cheap rate, and in a most attractive form, with engravings of sculpture, medals, coins, intaglios, seals, and carvings, embracing the productions of antiquity, the works of the middle ages, and of the more recent periods, and illustrative of every style of art. Each number contains four plates, accompanied by descriptive letter-press, and the work is divided into series, each of which is perfect in itself.

The numbers which we have before us, contain the illustrations of the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon at Athens, and of the Temple of Bassæ, near Phigalia, executed after the reduced series of our countryman Henning.

The former of these seems the best suited to the powers of this style of art, the mechanical line engraving, as, from the little relief of the figures, the machine is less liable to give that distortion to the heads and other extremities, which will sometimes arise, unless the instrument has those improvements for which a patent has been taken out in this country. The illusion of chiaroscuro is quite wonderful, and tempts one to prove, by the touch, whether the paper itself be not in relief. But we think that the deception had been more complete if the tints had not been so dark, and the engraver had bit in the copper to a less depth. All the plates are not of equal force, and those which are the lightest please us most. We warmly recommend this work to our readers, and could wish to see it on every library and drawing-room table; for the purchaser would then, at a very small cost, have always before his eyes fac-similes of the finest productions of art, to purify his taste and correct his judgment. Twenty years ago, such a work, at so low a price, would have been an impossibility; and the enterprising spirit of the proprietors merits support, and must meet the encouragement which it amply deserves.

The Anglo-Saxon Church: its History, Revenues, and general Character. By Henry Soames, M.A. Author of 'The History of the Reformation.' London: Parker.

THE object of the learned and able author is to prove, that the Church of England inherits a continuous right to its possessions, privileges and immunities, from the first introduction of Christianity among the Anglo-Saxons; that it owes most of its endowments to private liberality, and not to legislative enactments; from which he infers, that the nation, or the parliament by which it is represented, has no right over property which it never bestowed, and of which it never was legally in possession. The historical portion of the work displays much learning, and great skill in deciding between conflicting authorities, and it contains many curious particulars respecting our Saxon ancestors, which were not before accessible to the general reader. On the argumentative portion we shall offer no opinion, except that the ability, candour, and moderation of the writer, entitle him to be heard with respectful attention.

Instead then of entering into the mazes of antiquarian lore, or the more thorny paths of religious and political controversy, we shall endeavour to cull from Mr. Soames's pages a few of the interesting facts, which his researches have brought to light, illustrative of the condition of English society in the days of the Saxons.

Gregory the Great was not only the first to send missionaries to the Saxons, but he may also claim the merit of having laid the foundation of the literature of England, by presenting her with the first contributions towards the formation of a library. The catalogue will appear but scanty to modern readers. The following is a list of the books sent:—

1. A Bible, in two volumes. 2. A Psalter.
 3. A book of the Gospels. 4. Another Psalter.
 5. Another book of the Gospels. 6. Apocryphal Lives of the Apostles. 7. Lives of Martyrs.
 8. Expositions of certain Epistles and Gospels.
- The Canterbury Book in the library of Trinity

Hall, Cambridge, which supplies this interesting information, closes the brief catalogue with these expressive words:—*Hæ sunt primitiæ librorum totius ecclesiæ Anglicanæ.*"

The haughtiness displayed by the emissaries of the Romish See, is curiously portrayed, in the account of the conference, to which Augustine invited the British prelates, in the hope of convincing them that the Romish ritual was superior to their own:—

"To this repaired seven bishops, and various native divines of distinguished learning. In their way, they consulted a hermit, highly esteemed for prudence and holiness. 'If Augustine,' said the recluse, 'be a man of God, take his advice.' They then urged the difficulty of ascertaining whether he might be such a man or no. 'This is not so difficult,' they were told. 'Our Lord enjoined, *Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.* Now, manage to be at the place of meeting after the foreigner, and if he shall rise at your approach, then you may think him to have learnt of Christ. If he should receive you sitting, and shew any haughtiness, then maintain your ancient usages.' As the ears of Augustine yet tingled with applause extorted by admiration of a miracle, no test could be more unfortunate. When he saw the Britons, accordingly, though so numerous and respectable, he did not deign to lift himself from his chair. 'I ask only three things of you,' he said; 'one, that you should keep Easter as we do; another, that you should baptize according to the Roman ritual; a third, that you should join in preaching to the Angles. With your other peculiarities we shall patiently bear.' But the Britons were disgusted alike by his discourtesy and by his pretensions to ecclesiastical jurisdiction over them. They replied, therefore, 'We shall agree to no one of your propositions. Much less can we admit as our archbishop him who will not even rise to salute us.' Augustine now seeing himself completely foiled, became enraged, and hastily said: 'If you will not have peace with brethren, you shall have war with enemies. If you will not shew your neighbours the way of life, their swords shall avenge the wrong in putting you to death.'

Soon afterwards, twelve hundred of the British clergy were murdered by the pagan Saxons; and it has been suspected, that Augustine was not only the author of the prophecy, but a secret agent in its fulfilment.

Another controversial meeting between the partisans of the British and Roman divines, took place before Oswy, king of Northumbria; the celebrated Colman was leader of the former, and the scarcely less celebrated Wilfrid advocated the cause of the latter. The record of the controversy proves, that converts were easily won in those days:—

"The national divines insisted chiefly upon a tradition originating, as alleged, in St. John, our Lord's beloved disciple. The foreign party traced Roman tradition to St. Peter, who was intrusted by Christ with the keys of heaven. 'Were they really intrusted to him?' asked Oswy. 'Undoubtedly so,' he was answered. 'And can you allege the grant of any such privilege to an authority of yours?' Oswy then demanded. 'We cannot,' Colman replied. 'I must leave your party, then,' said Oswy; 'for I should not choose to disoblige him who keeps the key of Heaven. It might be found impossible to get the door open when I seek admittance.'

We have given two specimens of the controversial style, let us next turn to a legend describing the effects of a sermon:—

"When Augustine, the Kentish apostle, was preaching in Oxfordshire, a village priest addressed him thus:—'Father, the lord of this

place refuses to pay tithes, and my threats of excommunication only increase his obstinacy.' Augustine then tried his powers of persuasion, but the lord replied, 'Did not I plough and sow the land? The tenth-part belongs to him who owns the remaining nine.' It was now time for mass, and Augustine, turning to the altar, said, 'I command every excommunicated person to leave the church.' Immediately a pallid corpse arose from beneath the doorway, stalked across the churchyard, and stood motionless beyond its boundary. The congregation, gazing in horror and affright, called Augustine's attention to the spectre. He did not choose, however, to break off the service. Having concluded, he said, 'Be not alarmed. With cross and holy water in hand, we shall know the meaning of this.' He then went forward, and thus accosted the ghastly stranger:—'I enjoin thee, in the name of God, tell me who thou art?' The ghost replied, 'In British times I was lord here; but no warnings of the priest could ever bring me to pay my tithes. At length he excommunicated me, and my disembodied soul was thrust into hell. When the excommunicated were bidden to depart, your attendant angels drove me from my grave.' Augustine's power was now exerted in raising the excommunicated priest from his narrow resting-place; and having thus a second spectre before him, he asked, 'Know you this person?' The unearthly clergyman replied, 'Full well, and to my cost.' He was then reminded by Augustine of God's mercy, and of the departed lord's long torture in hell; a scourge was put into his hand, the excommunicated party knelt before him, received absolution, and then quietly returned to the grave. His own return thither soon followed, although Augustine, desirous of his assistance in preaching the Gospel, would fain have prayed for a renewed term of life."

And here we cannot but remark, that Mr. Soames undesignedly weakens his own argument for the validity of ancient ecclesiastical endowments, by dwelling too emphatically on the frauds through which grants were procured for the Church. His volume is very likely to produce the impression, that ecclesiastical rule was established by a series of disgraceful artifices practised upon an ignorant and credulous people.

It would seem, from Egbert's *Penitential*, that the Saxons had a stronger feeling of the necessity of obeying scriptural injunctions, than any other coteremporary christian nation. They were alone in abstaining from things strangled and from blood, according to the apostolic precept, (Acts, xv. 29.)

"This text is cited in the thirty-eighth canon as a reason for the remarkable prohibitions occurring in that canon, and in some of those connected with it. In these, fish is allowed to be eaten, though met with dead, as being different from land animals. Honey might not be eaten if the bees killed in it remained a whole night. Fowls, and other animals suffocated in nets, were not to be eaten, even although a hawk should have bitten them. Domestic poultry that had drunk up human blood were not to be eaten until after an interval of three months. A man knowingly eating blood was to fast seven days; any one doing this ignorantly was to fast three days, or sing the Psalter. Such provisions naturally made scrupulous persons uneasy whenever they swallowed blood accidentally. Hence an assurance is given that swallowing one's own blood in spittle incurs no danger."

Nor did they disregard Levitical distinctions between clean and unclean beasts:—

"Especially the weasel and the mouse were considered unclean. A layman giving to another even water in which one of these animals had been drowned was to fast three nights; a

minister-man was to sing three hundred psalms. A large quantity of water in which one of these animals had been drowned was not to be used until sprinkled with holy water. Here, however, it is expressly said, might be eaten (can. 38); and so, plainly, might swine's flesh (can. 40); yet, it might seem from can. 39, the pig was thought to labour under some sort of uncleanness."

Though the cessions made for the support of Christian churches were at first voluntary, Mr. Soames informs us that it was frequently necessary to enforce them by legislative authority; the Church's claims are enumerated in an ancient Saxon manuscript, now in the Bodleian library.

"Erst, plough-alsms xv nights over Easter, tythe of young by Pentecost, Rome-fee by Peter's mass, fruits of the earth by All-Hallows' mass, church-shot at Martinus' mass, and light-shot thrice in a year; erst, on Easter-eve, and another time on Candlemas-eve, and the third time on All-Hallows' mass-eve. Of these dues the clergy were solemnly to remind their congregations, at stated times."

"Right is that priests remind folk that they do what is right to God, in tythes and in other things."

"Right is that men be reminded of this at Easter, another time at the gang-days (Rogation days), a third time, at midsummer, when most folk is gathered."

The least commendable part of the discipline of the Anglo-Saxon church, was the encouragement it afforded to the monastic orders. England, like modern Spain, was frequently scandalized by the quarrels between the regular and secular clergy.

"The whole monastic body was divided into four several branches. The most respectable of these consisted of monks permanently domesticated in some conventual foundation, under the discipline of an abbot. Another was made up of anchorites, or hermits. These recluses were expected to have resided some time in a regular abbey, and not to have withdrawn from it until they had exhibited a strict conformity to the system there. After such probation it was deemed allowable to retire into a solitary cell, for the purpose of continuing, with augmented rigour, the austerities exacted by monastic obligations. A third class of monks, passing under the oriental name of *Sarabaites*, comprised such aspirants after unusual strictness as had adopted the tonsure, but would not embrace any received rule, or remain within a monastery. These devotees resided, as heretofore, in private houses, sometimes three or four together, probably under such regulations of their own as suited their particular ideas or convenience. Ascetic fervour under such laxity would be very liable to evaporate; and hence abodes adapted for it, but upon this independent principle, could hardly fail to shock admirers of over-strained religious rigour. The *Sarabaites*, accordingly, are described as a grievous reproach upon their profession. But monachism found its principal source of obloquy and mortification in the *Gyrovagi*, or wandering monks. These were noisy claimants of extraordinary holiness, but, in reality, idle vagabonds, who preferred hypocritical mendicancy to labour."

The great mass of the population was also divided into semi-monastic communities, which must not unfrequently have produced a beneficial effect on the ordinary intercourse of social life.

"The whole frame-work of Anglo-Saxon so-

"Du Cange says that there are various opinions upon the etymology of this word. He makes it, however, to have come from Egypt. Other authors have referred the origin of *Sarabaites* to the Hebrew סרבת, refractory. The correctness of this etymology appears to admit of no reasonable question."

city was, indeed, religious. Voluntary associations, or *Sodalities*, answering to modern clubs, were common in the nation. The principal objects of these were mutual protection, assistance under unusual pecuniary calls, and conviviality. One mass, however, for deceased associates, another for those yet surviving, appears to have impressed a character of piety upon their meetings. One of their objects also was to provide *sol-shot* on the death of every member; so that his disembodied spirit might enjoy the full benefit of such services as were proffered by the Church. Eventually, religious houses entered into these combinations. In this case, the *Guild-ship*, as every such confederacy was vernacularly called, proposed an interchange of masses for the benefit of each other. But it is not likely that mutual protection for possessions and privileges was overlooked. Convivial or personal views were necessarily precluded."

Marriage was viewed as a rite of peculiar sanctity among the Saxons, probably even in Pagan times; and as a necessary consequence, they made better provision for securing the rights of females, than any cotemporary people.

"Anglo-Saxon ideas of female rights were just and liberal. Women were permitted to possess and dispose of property: nor was a person of any wealth enabled to marry, at all events among his equals, until he had made a legal settlement upon his intended wife. It was, however, the usage of ancient England, as it also was of cognate nations, to withhold the formal conveyance of this provision until the morning after marriage. Hence the dowry of an Anglo-Saxon lady was called her *morning's gift*."

Here we must conclude.

A Dissertation on the Antiquities of the Priory of Great Malvern, in Worcestershire.
By the Rev. H. Card, D.D. London: Rivingtons.

THE Priory of Great Malvern was, during the middle ages, one of the most flourishing conventual establishments in the western counties. Chartered by the Conqueror, endowed by Beaulere, celebrated by Malmsbury, who, in his work, '*De Monasteriis*,' earnestly recommended it to the notice and support of his contemporaries, the asylum of more than one illustrious scholar, who, in those unsettled days, sought in the calm repose of the cloister, leisure, and opportunities for study, which could nowhere else be found, the Priory of Great Malvern has an additional claim on our attention, because it was here that the author of that curious and powerful work, the '*Visions of Piers Plowman*,' dwelt, and from whence not improbably he set forth on that fine spring morning, when he wandered at the foot of the Malvern Hills, until he sunk into that tranced slumber, which he fables to have been the origin of his Vision.

The history of the foundation of this Priory, is almost the transcript of the usual histories of such establishments. A religious enthusiast, buried amid the shadows of a wide forest, persuades a few others, no less enthusiastic than himself, to share his solitude, and thus the rude edifice is reared by their united labours; more join them—gifts, simple gifts, flow in, cultivation extends its boundaries, the town rises beneath the fostering protection of the monastery; and now nobles offer lands and manors, and the possessions of the monastic community at length become literally, "a green spot in the desert." Such was the rise and progress of Great Malvern

Priory, from the day when Aldwin the hermit first gathered together his brethren, and dedicated the lowly church to our lady and St. Michael. The successor of Aldwin was a celebrated scholar of that early period, Walcher of Lorraine, who, as his epitaph sets forth, was a distinguished philosopher, astronomer, geometrician, and arithmetician. Pursuits of this kind are generally supposed to counterbalance any love of the marvellous; Prior Walcher, however, from the following story, which he told, with full assurance of faith, to William of Malsbury, seems to have been quite as credulous as his contemporaries:—

"Not more than fifteen years have elapsed," said Walcher, "since a contagious disease attacked the Prior of that place, and afterwards destroyed many of the monks. The survivors at first began each to fear for himself, and to pray and to give alms more abundantly than usual: in process of time, however, for such is the nature of man, their fear gradually subsiding, they began to omit them. The cellarer more especially, who publicly and laughingly exclaimed, that the stock of provisions was not adequate to such a consumption as was going on; that he had lately hoped for some reduction of expense, considering there had been so many funerals, but that his hopes were at an end, if the dead consumed what the living could not. It happened on a certain night, when from some urgent business he had deferred going to rest for a long time, that having at length got rid of the difficulties which delayed him, he went towards his dormitory. Singular is the circumstance now to be related. He saw in the Chapter-house the Prior and all who had died that year sitting in the order they had departed, whereat he was affrighted and endeavoured to escape; but was detained by force. Being reproved and corrected after the monastic manner with the scourge, he heard the Prior speak precisely to the following effect:—That it was foolish to be ravenously seeking profit by another's death, seeing that all men were subject to one common fate; that it was impious for a monk who had passed his whole life in the service of the church to be grudging his pittance of pay for a single year after his death: that he himself should die very shortly; but that whatever others might do for him, should redound only to the advantage of those whom he had defrauded: that he might now go, and endeavour to correct by his example those whom he had corrupted by his language. He departed, and demonstrated that he had seen nothing imaginary, as well by the recent marks of the scourging, as by his death, which shortly followed."

What will our readers say to this legend? That it is a fabrication, most probably. Now, as we have as great partiality for "the simple but graphic tales of the good old gossiping chroniclers," as Dr. Card himself, we would suggest, that an explanation of this, and similar marvellous stories, may possibly be found in the vivid hallucination which frequently precedes mortal disease. We were particularly struck in one of the monkish chronicles with the constant recurrence of marvellous stories, previously to every account of a visitation of the plague, or some other contagious malady, and at length we found it certain, wherever we read, "this year many marvels were seen, and many dead people appeared to their friends," that "this year there was a grievous pestilence, of which many died," was sure to follow. The cellarer, in the foregoing legend, it will be observed, was sickening, probably of the same disorder

that had already proved fatal to so many of his convent; and, passing late at night by the Chapter-house, in which the whole fraternity were accustomed to congregate every day, what was more natural than that he should people each vacant stall with those very brethren who had been so long accustomed to occupy them? What wonder, too, that the hallucination should take that form of reproof and chastisement with which he had probably, by living lips, been threatened? While the "recent marks of the scourging," which, in the judgment of Malmsbury, stamped undoubted truth on the story, were possibly the dreaded "plague tokens," sure witnesses, not of the truth of his vision, but of the certainty of his seizure by a mortal disease.

The subjoined story might be worked up into a very touching ballad:—

"In 1151, 5 Henry II. William Burdet assigned to Roger, then Prior of Malvern, Ave-cote or Aucote Monastery, in Warwickshire, as a cell to that Priory. There was also another cell at Brockbury, in the parish of Colwall, Herefordshire. Yet over these, the Abbots of Westminster exercised no sort of control in the disposal of their revenues or appointments. The occasion which led to the foundation of the little monastery of Ave-cote is quite dramatic as to incident, but, as an atonement for bloodshed, not uncommon in these ferocious times. We shall give this tale to the reader in the direct and simple narrative of Dugdale.

"William Burdet being both a valiant and devout man, made a journey to the Holy Land for subduing of the infidels in those parts, and his steward, whilst he was thus absent, solicited the chastity of his lady, who resisted those his uncivil attempts with much scorn: whereupon he grew so full of envy towards her, that so soon as he had advertisement of his master's arrival in England, he went to meet him; and to shadow his own foul crime, complained to him of her looseness with others: which false accusation so enraged her husband, that when he came home, and she approached to receive him with joyful embraces, he forthwith mortally stabbed her; and to expiate the same unhappy act, after he understood the truth, he built this monastery."

Of the Priory of Great Malvern, scarcely a vestige besides the refectory, now used as a barn, and the gate-house, remains. The noble church, however, "occupying a spot as lovely as the eye ever rested on, with its dark grey tower so full of impression and effect, with its pierced battlements, and graceful pinnacles, presents a most beautiful specimen of the florid style of English architecture, which prevailed in the reign of Henry VII.," and by the aid of a timely reparation, may stand for centuries to come, a splendid monument of the skill of Sir Reginald Bray, that illustrious "master-builder," to whom the completion of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and for the whole erection of "that glorious work of fine intelligence," as it has been enthusiastically termed, Henry the Seventh's Chapel, belongs.

We regret to learn, from an appended note, that this beautiful church stands in need of immediate and extensive repairs; and we feel, that we cannot take our leave of this volume in a way more satisfactory to Dr. Card, than by expressing our hope, that the church of Great Malvern will participate in that aid, which has been so promptly afforded by the lovers of ancient architecture to objects of a similar kind.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Finesse*, a novel, 2 vols.—Our admiration of Miss Austen's tales is never so great as after reading a novel, such as the one before us, wherein the same thing as she carried to perfection—namely, a faithful delineation of the manners and feelings of every-day life—is attempted, and without success. Yet '*Finesse*' is clever, and amusing; but the cleverness of the writer runs into caricature, and his shrewdness either moves too little or too much; and many of the characters are spoiled by a touch of inconsistency which is not in nature: besides, he (or she) has not borrowed the manner only, but the matter of his prototype—and we question whether the military-stricken Miss Greys, and their sharp impatient father, would ever have existed, had not the history of the Bennetts been written down, including Lydia and her sister's *tendre* for the entire regiment quartered at Meryton. In a moral point of view, too, the story is unsatisfactory. If we read it rightly, the author intended to expose the folly and bad policy of crooked dealing—and, by way of example and warning, he provides three charming husbands—two for the daughters who have been *managed*, and one for the mother who has played the game; just intruding a duel, towards the end of the second volume, to quiet his own conscience we suppose, or, it may be, to fill his pages. Still, after all our exceptions, the book is readable; there are scenes in it which made us laugh, and we doubt not, will have the same happy effect on others.

'COLBURN'S MODERN NOVELISTS.—O'Donnel.—Assuredly the public benefit by the new fashion of cheap reprints. Here is 'O'Donnel,' one of the cleverest works of a clever writer, offered in a neat and elegant volume, with portrait and preface, for five shillings! The portrait, to be sure, is but indifferent; but the preface is unaffected and pleasant.—"O'Donnel," says Lady Morgan, "was the first of a series of National Tales, undertaken with an humble but zealous view to the promotion of a great national cause, the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland. The attempt has been made the matter of grave censure, as a step beyond the position of the Author, and foreign to the scope of the genus. To this canon of criticism I cannot yet subscribe. Novels, like more solid compositions, are not exempted from the obligation to inculcate truth. They are expected, in their idliest trifling, to possess a moral scope; and politics are but morals on a grander scale. The appropriation of this form of composition to purposes beyond those of mere amusement, is not new. A novel is especially adapted to enable the advocate of any cause to steal upon the public, through the by-ways of the imagination, and to win from its sympathies what its reason so often refuses to yield to undeniable demonstration. Even those sectarians who have taken the highest measure of moral propriety, and exclude with rigour all sources of amusement from the sphere of a religious life, have condescended thus to use the novel for the advancement of their particular opinions—as an organ not less legitimate, than powerful and effective.

"After all, however, if I became that much reviled, but now very fashionable personage, a female politician, it was much in the same way as the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* spoke prose,—without knowing it; a circumstance perhaps not uncommon with Irish writers; for whatever may have been the quality of the author's mind, every fictitious narrative that has had Ireland for its theme, has assumed a more or less decidedly political colouring. If an imitation of life be necessarily an example, Irish life, in all its combinations, can only be an example of political error. For myself, at least, born and dwelling in Ireland, amidst my countrymen and their sufferings, I saw and I described, I felt and

I pleaded; and if a political bias was ultimately taken, it originated in the natural condition of things, and not in 'malice aforethought' of the writer.

"The same womanly sympathies have governed my writings and directed my views for other countries; and I have never denounced a public wrong which has not come home to my own feeling, through the spectacle of private suffering."

'*Poems*, by Louisa Anne Twamley, with original illustrations, drawn and etched by the Authoress.—The Arts have long been called sisters, and it is curious to trace the intimate connexion which exists between Poetry, Painting, and Music; a connexion far closer, we suspect, and less broken by exceptions, than some of our philosophers would admit. Hereafter we may return to the subject with our list of cases in hand; but at present, we are impatient to acknowledge to the writer of this elegant little volume, that she has made good her claim to the possession of two of these "graces of mind," by the verses it contains, (which, she modestly tells us, were merely written when want of light compelled her to cease from her miniatures,) and by the illustrations. The Poems are sweet and elegant, and some of them possess much originality of manner, and glow of language. We could quote many in support of our good opinion; here, for instance, are the two last of four sonnets to Tintern Abbey.

Around me all was calm and still; the wind,
Even that "chartered brawler," seemed to feel,
A strange, unwonted awe, and strove to steal
With gentler voice amid the hills that shined
A scene so tranquil. Thy 'ry's foliage twined
The air-bung arch—the column's lofty height,
Wrathing fantastically round the light
And traceried shaft, that seemed too frail to bear
One circling change of seasons, yet can dare
The wintry storms and tempests in their might,
Surviving ages. While you sculptured knight,
With fashion, helmeted brow, and hauberk'd breast,
Unknown, defaced and groined, lies, despite
His lineage high, proud name, and noble crest.

On his carved shield the moss and lichens gay
Bear on each leaf a volume of deep thought
And meditation—solemn, yet o'erwrought
With dreams and fantasies in strange array:
Now sad and mournful—anon, fancy-fraught,
And calling up, as with the wizard's sway,
Scenes of a distant and a mightier day,
That, e'en as dreams and visions of the night,
Flee hence for ever with the morning light
Borne on by circling ages, passed away
To the dim confines of oblivion's wave;
And now wake only 'neath the transient ray
That mem'ry's gleaming shield, as o'er a grave,
Calling them back to life, from darkness and decay.
And we must further give a few lines from a new year's day poem.

The year's last night—
The year's first morn! Doh! it bring weal or woe?
With cypress or with rose—'s it crowned?
What heralds it—a dirge, or festive strain?
Hark, a glad peal awakes! each spire rings out
With merry chime unto the clear young morn,—
Clear and star-lighted; and the shrill-tongued bells
Fill with their laughing voices all the air.
The wind is high and changing. Listen, now!
Far, far away is wafted every tone.
Till wayward Fancy might almost believe
That Echo slept, and answered in her dreams,—
Save here and there a shrill and wand'ring note
Comes floating hither, as on transient wing.
Now on the breeze the loud peal swells again,
Ringing upon the startled, shrinking ear,
In varied yet monotonous confusion!—
E'en like loud gossip that out-talk each other,
Would every bell above the rest be heard.

We hope, and expect, to meet Miss Twamley again; it is long since we have looked into a first volume of poems fuller of promise than hers.

'*A few Songs attempted, by A. J.*—The unobtrusiveness of this title should disarm the most bitter, even of young critics; for, as years advance, gentleness comes as a matter of course, and a kindly wish to do justice to the grain of good which a composition may contain, however tiny it be. These songs, then, are smooth in versification, some of them pretty, and all of them sing-able.

'*The Snuff-Box*, by Tonquin Rappee, Esq. Part I.—The first number of a periodical not badly named; for it may, without inconvenience, be stowed away in the waistcoat pocket. 'The Snuff-box' has merit and modesty enough to justify our notice, and to deserve our good wishes. The tales are not inferior to many met with in periodicals of higher pretensions, and the wood-cuts are fanciful and clever.

'*Patrician and Parvenu*, a comedy, in five acts, by John Poole, Esq.—This play is now published, and we recommend it as an agreeable piece of light reading, for an hour, to those whom circumstances may prevent from seeing it acted.

'*Howells' Twenty Sermons*.—The late Mr. Howells was long known as a popular preacher of the Evangelical school; these sermons were taken in short-hand by one of his admirers, and we have been assured of their general accuracy.

'*Evans's Sermons on Holiness*.—The affectionate spirit in which these sermons are written, the purity of the doctrine, and the simple elegance of the style, render them worthy a place in every christian library.

'*Brooks's Village Prayers*.—A good selection of prayers for private families.

'*Morrison's Observations on Halley's Comet*.—The author collects a little, imagines a great deal, and jumps to a conclusion in which nothing is concluded.

'*A Few Facts connected with the Copyright of Foreign Operas*, by Boosey & Co.—Messrs. Boosey have, it appears, been restrained by law from pirating the music of 'Lestocq,' and they have, in consequence, published these "few facts" mixed up, however, with a great deal of verbiage about British capital and enterprise, pewter plates, paper, &c., bearing, as they suppose, on the subject. With regard to the law, as it exists, we are not competent to offer an opinion; but assuredly the law of all civilized countries ought to offer its protection to men of genius as to other people. In this instance, as music is a universal language, no nation should permit either the performance or publication of the opera, without permission from the author or his assigns. What would be thought of us, if, in this the nineteenth century, our laws were to sanction and justify the robbery of alien merchants and travellers?—and yet, in what would this literary piracy—this robbery of the men of genius of other nations, differ from the robbery of alien merchants and travellers? Whatever the law on this subject may be at present, here or elsewhere, we feel perfectly assured that there must, and that there will be before long, an international law which shall secure to men of all nations, the fruits of intellectual, as of other labour; and, in the meantime, it is some consolation to know, that wrong done to the genius of other countries, is felt, with retributive justice, by the genius of the nation which tolerates the wrong-doer. For example, what chance is there for English music? What chance that an English manager will give four or five hundred pounds to an English composer for an original opera, when he can make a selection from all those produced in foreign countries, without the cost of sixpence? In this same way have the American reprints of English works tended to destroy the chances of American literature. We have now before us, and shall publish it at the first convenient opportunity, a paper on this very subject, by an American writer, in which he very ably enforces these views. Messrs. Boosey would have it understood, that the protection sought for is for the benefit of the publisher. The distinction is absurd; the price given by a publisher must always be in proportion to the extent of privilege attached to the copyright.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

EXHIBITION AT THE LOUVRE.

Paris.

I now resume my notice of the Exposition. 'The *Constable de Sancerre*,' by Ziegler.—Grandly, nay, sublimely conceived, though a somewhat Quixotic portrait of that knight on horseback. I may give this as an instance of the chief attribute on which the French school found a claim of superiority to the English—*aspiration*. It is, to be sure, an attribute more theoretical than practical; but it should lead, perhaps may, to practical results. Even in their classic frigidities and deserts of canvas, there seems a reaching after greatness, much more laudable than our velvet Breughel ambition. Who of our artists would think of bestowing a whole wainscot of canvas on an ideal portrait of William Longsword? And if he did, how many of our noblemen would offer him first-cost price for a portrait that resembled none of them? Ziegler's 'Constable de Sancerre' may perhaps be set down as the work of most genius and original power in the exhibition.

'The *Maréchal de Rantzau*,' by Alanx.—Another instance of the aspiration specified; not only felt too, but to a certain point realized. Rantzau is a dead marshal of Louis XIV. resuscitated after two centuries! Will it not amaze our portrait-painting nation to be told, that the sublimest *Lawrence* is only gentle in comparison with the grandeur of one or other work last mentioned? The *gentil* is now more an English taste than a French, at least in the arts. O that ever such a word should become applicable to any habitude of Great Britain!

If French art, under its very worst *régime*, must be given the praise of aspiration, it was often, however, only a kind of Satanic, videlicet—*aspiration* to vicious pre-eminence. Fame of some sort, French art has always had more in view, than our "dirty god"—money; and that has a smack of elevation about it, even though the fame sought be such as the pictorial gibbet affords—ignominy. Their genius has hitherto been goaded by ambition to produce in all its shapes, slaughter-house scenery, where the victims were human, the decorations axe, block, pike, and lamp-post. Moloch was their divinity, if Mammon was ours. From this revolutionary, or raw-head-and-bloody-bones school, they are, one is happy to find, withdrawing. There are but two or three Golgotha pictures in the present exhibition. 'Boissay d'Anglas,' where a sans-culotte holds up, with cannibal menace, a dead head to that personage amidst a blood-drunk mob; and an 'Episode from the Russian Campaign,' a carion piece, only to be contemplated with pleasure by wolves or vultures,—most disgrace the claims to refinement on the part of this people, though evincing both a shape of merit otherwise creditable.

But there seems likewise among French artists at present, a praiseworthy aspiration not to be altogether repulsive in colour. Some of their landscapes, hitherto less painted than lacquered or japanned, have some air of vegetable life and succulence, as well as glow and harmony of tint about them. Decamps, as I have said, keeps out of sight for a season; but the landscapes of Lesorre, (his imitator,) Huet, Capeyron, and several others, are not so much behind those of our second-rate artists, as British disdain would suppose them. Wattier has two or three nice little aperies of Watteau, and Garbet some clever caprices wholly his own. In what we call domestic pieces (*tableau de genre*), our competitors do not come so short of us, as we do of them in historical. Delacroix, T. Johannot, Henry Robert, Tragonard, Gallait, Jacquand, Navez of Brussels, are among the most successful in this exhibition. Leopold Roher, a celebrity, has a

red pair of Neapolitan girls, in his usual mannered style. Pigal and Badin excel in the ridiculous, and awkward *naïveté*, respectively. Count Forbin (the director), and company, as well as Ledieu, &c. furnish several Interiors sweetly coloured, and of well understood chiaroscuro. 'Waterloo,' by Steuben is a failure, and his portraits are so too; though in a waxy style, his works of the latter kind embody much character and clearness of design. Schnetz, who has succeeded in "renowing," by a coarse purple peasantry scene or two, loses caste this year, by his 'Episode from Bourbon's Sack of Rome'; such will be always the vicissitude of mannerism out of its own circle. Guiana, &c. are meritorious in Prout's style of street and house painting, or to give it a fine name, town-perspective. The 'Marines' of Gudin, want that elasticity of touch indispensable to water, and that transparency of tint not much less requisite to the soid material. Gudin is above all his French brethren as a sea-painter, and far below Stanfield. As to portraits, Champmartin has a high name, which I leave those who bestow it to vindicate. His portraits seem to me in the very worst style of catchpenny cleverness: true, they display an adroitness resulting from practice; but sleight of hand we know to be very compatible with charlatanism. There is another face-maker here, called Dubufe, who besets the shop-windows with lack-a-day misses in white muslin, and loose sentimentalists in their nightshifts; little else was requisite to make him the rage of city belles and buxom romancers. Court is also in great vogue as a portrait painter: he appears not quite so decided a mannerist, and leans only to harmless sentimentality. I do not know if I should mention here an 'Oberland Bernoise,' which looks portrait-like, by Bourke. Symptoms of the author's extraction in his work as well as his name, viz. British bad drawing and sweetness of colour. Larivière, Pingret, Kinson, H. Scheffer, &c. supply the department of portraiture, though with a zeal somewhat less overwhelming than ours.

Upon the whole, notwithstanding there are fewer works of the first-rate stamp in this exhibition than usual, it indicates an advance. If there be little that can merit the name of genius, there is a great deal which deserves that of talent, still more of cleverness and mechanical powers. Besides, it may be stated as a negative advantage, that the exhibition does not contain beyond a reasonable quantity of rubbish, such a proportion as we should render up thanks for at Somerset House. Design is also less importunate this year than heretofore, less obtrusively pseudo-classic. By the bye, perhaps it is on this account, that the exhibition seems nowise popular at Paris. Not only the grisettes and garçons cry out against it, but sage reviewers and hoary connoisseurs. It certainly does tell, with a trumpet tongue, against Gallic taste for the arts, that with this magnificent collection of Old Masters, and of all schools, Italian, Flemish, Dutch, German, as well as French,—free as a thoroughfare to rags as well as riches, not only approachable by the public, but approachable day after day, year after year,—it does beyond doubt tell most fatally against French pretension, that with all these advantages, and the *æstrum* of pictorial authorship so furious; that with a spur in the brain lent at each side, rowel-deep, by individual ambition and general applause ever ready to goad; with Institutes, and Academies, Premiums, and Professorships and Presidencies, to break the very heart of bounty herself; nevertheless, I say, that the taste of this people in the Arts should have been so long, should still among the major portion remain so preposterously wrong-headed, so intrinsically spurious. Until the last few years, when they have gotten wise by *Anglomania*, what have their talents enabled them to beget but annual abortions? False births and

fecundity in monsters, are a still fouler stigma than barrenness. Where are the standard works, where the canonized artists, of the modern French school?—that is to say, recognized as such out of France as well as in, for here they are plentier than miracles and saints in the Romish calendar. Will all their painters club perfections, and make a Lawrence or Turner? Have all their grand crosses and legionaries of honour, achieved such a feat, in the field of art, as one little cabinet-piece of simple David Wilkie? Despite of that epidemic love for the *beaux arts*, and boorish neglect of them in Great Britain,—despite of indulgent paternity towards them here, and illiberality exceptas to portraiture with us, a national shout to encourage every aspirer on one side, a host to dishearten him on the other,—despite of all this, we stand somewhat on the positive side of nonentity in painting, they even still on the negative.

How soon the taste we have given them, not only as to colour but feeling, may enable them to outdo us, is neither for their vanity nor our contempt to pronounce. If the time be near, it will come without much help from the critics. These are mostly in favour of the old school still. David is their idol. They would cross themselves and cry blasphemy, (those among them who had any religion,) if told that Vanloo was a better draughtsman than he. Aye! Vanloo could paint flesh and flexion of muscle, which he could not for his redemption. David's sole merit was, that he jostled his countrymen out of a wrong path; but there he left them to stumble into a right one. However, the critics deplore to see his school tottering. What that school upheld I have glanced at. To be cold and stiff was to be classic; ballet attitude was sublimity, and Rugantino grimace profound expression. As to colour; by way of the chaste were recommended huge blankets of uniform dye, for the most part a dull red, or pen-green, which latter seems to have still a fascination for French eyes perfectly irresistible. In general their tones were, to consort with the gravity of their classic, livid and chill, even amidst the glare and clash of the gaudiest colours. Remaining artists of this school paint the blessed sun himself as dull as a toasted cheese. This may be in some measure due to their method of working, which they call (and conceit,) *Roman*, viz. the united. It is well known that by mixture colours are muddled, and therefore to paint on that method without becoming repulsive, our neighbours should not be "the last of the Romans," but the first—Rafaels and Julios.

Not that I would, in the spirit of our own meretricious school, depreciate, far less condemn the method. I readily grant it is the great method—essentially the artistic—the sole adequate to the highest aim of painting. But just as that path leads to the loftiest pinnacle, it is precipitous and perilous. Nothing proves this better than a comparison between the English school and the continental; for, by adopting the Flemish-Venetian, or method *per tocco*, as virtuosi would say, we have done, in an humbler route, what French, Italians, and Germans, have failed to do in the higher-mentioned, to wit, we have done painting some credit. Our method is necessarily that of colour—the inferior glory of the art, but thence easier attainable; their method is necessarily that of design—the superior, and therefore less reachable in perfection. Nor will the endeavour to combine those methods do aught but degrade the school which patronizes it; for the methods are not homogeneous. Design, to be perfect, must proceed by *undulation* or continuity, as we see it in Michael, Raffael, and *par excellence* Leonardo; colouring, to be perfect, must proceed by a breaking up of tints, or immediate opposition, which is directly reverse of the other method, being, to use Bacon's language, a solution of continuity. The finest

works of Giorgione, Titian, Paul Veronese, Rubens, and other prime colourists, are in this style more or less. Middle tints, and these chiefly greys, are the sole which make out subtle undulation, and therefore are proper to design; extreme tints, oftentimes the purely virgin, must give each other *éclat* by juxtaposition, or be so corrupted, as the technical phrase is, that the canvas, however smooth, may, like silver chased or sparry marble, reflect lustre from a myriad of atomic surfaces. Not that design and colour are incompatible in the same picture, but their *perfections*. Correggio may often, the Carraccis now and then unite them, but not even the great Parmesan himself, their perfections ever. There is no more reason, however, why French artists should not cultivate colouring as secondary to design, than that English should not cultivate design as secondary to colouring. Each school would be better by adopting, to a certain extent, the ruling principle of the other.

In this and my last letter I have touched upon most of the distinctive points between the French and English schools of painting. If some abler hand would treat the same subject more at large, a comparative analysis of the kind would be of material utility to both nations, and to the art generally. P.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

ALL-Fools' day brought us the usual complement of Magazines for the month—but, for the most part, they were no merrier, and truth compels us to say, but little wiser than usual. The exception is *Fraser*, whose opening article, 'One hundred matrimonial letters,' is one of the pieces of mystification in which this magazine indulges itself, not only on the first of April, but all the year round. There is not much else in the number; Miss Jane Porter is the "illustrious literary character" of the month.—*Blackwood*—by way of heralding the pleasant month of May we suppose—is even more devoted to poetry than usual; and, among other volumes of verse, noticed with discriminating praise, is Mary Howitt's dramatic poem.—The *New Monthly* continues much as usual: the article on Beranger is somewhat out of date,—that peerless lyrical having been criticized and translated in almost every periodical of any pretension, in the course of the last two years—there is a second paper on that mystery of a man, the Dictator of Paraguay—a delightful autobiographical morsel from the pen of 'Ella,'—and a paper on English singers and singing, which must be perfectly just and true, as it does not contain one opinion which we have not heretofore advanced. Mr. Haynes Bayly's 'Songs of Society,' in this and the *Court Magazine* for the month, are so flimsy and trifling, that we cannot help asking him, in all kindness, whether he has any regard for his fame? We may also notice a capital paper, 'A Cockney's Rural Sports,' and "wonder how the — it got there," for we read it some fifteen or eighteen years ago in the *London Magazine*.—We shall only further mention the continuance, and, we hope success, of the *Analyst*—the number before us is a pleasant one. The other periodicals on our table must content themselves with a silent recognition—save the *Westminster*, which, being one of the bulkier quarterlies, we cannot treat quite so unceremoniously,—and yet we have only to say, that it is exclusively political, and as sharp in its censure as usual. It is curious to see how the works of general literature, mentioned in its pages, are all considered with reference to one particular object; whether the book be Lady Morgan's 'Princess,' or Mrs. Trollope's 'Tour in Belgium.' Nor must we forget the *Foreign Quarterly*— "there are two Richards in the field," both varied and pleasant, and deserving success; but as that field is somewhat cabined and confined,

we earnestly recommend all parties to settle their differences, and unite their common stock for the common good, their own included.—We have also hunted diligently through the pages of advertisements attached to each of them, in the hope of finding some announcement of particular interest—but although not altogether barren, the forthcoming novelties chiefly belong to the class of light literature, and most of them have been mentioned by us already. Two new volumes of poetry are about to make their appearance; one by John Clare, the other (the third of his collected works,) by Elliott, of Sheffield; and, as if to make good a prophecy of ours, put forth in jest last month, a novel is announced by the author of 'Makanna,' founded on the old Newgate story of Miss Blandy and Colonel Cranston! We shall have the adventures of Dr. Dodd and Elizabeth Brownrigg next.

The second of the *Antient Concerts* of this season, which, from its want of novelty in the programme, hardly called for any notice, took place on Wednesday week under the direction of the Archbishop of York. Among other music performed, was the 'Chorus' and other pieces from the 'Creation;' and a Trio and Chorus from the 'Seasons.' The music went as music, so familiar to every member of the orchestra, ought to go. Miss Postans made her first appearance at these Concerts, in the *secus* which she sung at the Philharmonic on Monday. We are glad to observe an increase in the number of subscribers.

Mr. Brockedon has lately presented, by the hands of the Lord Mayor, to Christ's Hospital, a picture of 'Moses receiving the Tables of the Law.' It is probable that some of our readers may remember to have seen it when exhibited at the British Gallery. The figure of Moses is colossal, and the picture, both from its magnitude and its subject, is well adapted to the magnificent hall of that noble institution, into which it has been received.—We may also mention, that a subscription has been opened at Manchester, for the purpose of raising a monument to Liverseege the painter. He was, undoubtedly, a man of great original talent, and well deserved that such honour should be shown to his memory by his townsmen.

Mr. Phillips brings to the hammer, to-day, a collection of drawings and pictures by Ward, in consequence, we are told, of the artist's retirement from London. Among them is the 'Fall of Phaeton,' 'Duncan's Horses,' from *Macbeth*, and the 'Disobedient Prophet.'

We are happy to see, by the Edinburgh papers, that young Kean is playing *Hamlet*, *Richard*, and *Sir Giles Overreach*, to crowded houses, and that he meets with unqualified praise from the critics. We make mention of this, because he has had much to contend against, and, we are informed, has long and most meritoriously exerted himself to maintain his widowed, and otherwise destitute, mother.

We have just heard, and with regret, of the death of Mr. Sharp—Conversation Sharp, as he was familiarly called—the author of 'Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse,' reviewed by us early in the last year; a work, the great success of which—(it is, we believe, already in a third edition)—has somewhat surprised us. We say not this disparagingly—our critical opinion is on record—but simply as a confession that, in our judgment, (erroneous it has been proved,) it wanted that high seasoning in tone and style which the habit of magazine writing and reading has all but made a condition of modern popularity. Mr. Sharp was, we believe, the son of an officer, and born in Newfoundland. His father died, and he came to England when very young, was placed at school at Pinner, near Harrow, but was early introduced into business, his mother having married an eminent wholesale

hatter in the city, to whose business Mr. Sharp succeeded. He subsequently became a partner in the house of Bodington & Co., West India merchants. He sat in three or four Parliaments, and spoke frequently in opposition, particularly in the debate on the expedition against Copenhagen. He was the intimate friend of Mackintosh and Canning; and early in life became acquainted with Henderson the actor, with Dr. Farmer, Dr. Parr, Cumberland, and many of the old friends of Johnson, who were in the habit of dining at the table of Dilly the bookseller in the Poultry. His intimacy with Mackintosh continued through life. He had been, for many months, residing at Torquay, in Devonshire, where he died last week, in the 73rd or 74th year of his age. His property is said to be nothing short of a quarter of a million.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 26.—William Thomas Brande, Esq., V.P., in the chair. A paper was read, entitled 'On the temperature of some Fishes of the genus *Thunnus*,' by John Davy, M.D., F.R.S.

April 2.—John William Lubbock, Esq. V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.

The following papers were read; viz. 1. On the Results of Tide Observations, made in June 1834, at the Coast Guard Stations in Great Britain and Ireland, by the Rev. William Whewell, F.R.S. 2. Copies of Registers of the Thermometer kept at Alford, Aberdeenshire; and on the ice formed, under peculiar circumstances, at the bottom of running water; by the Rev. James Farquharson, F.R.S.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

March 30.—Dr. Turner, treasurer, in the chair. A short paper on Apoplexy, by Dr. Watson, was read by the Registrar, Dr. F. Hawkins; after which a second paper by Mr. Mayo, on "the origin of palsy as a consequence of disease or lesion of the brain." The author advanced satisfactory arguments to show, that in palsy from affections of the brain, the paralysis is not the result of an interruption of the ordinary supply of nervous energy, but is caused by a new and depressing or withering influence, which is transmitted from the diseased brain to the nerves. The author then explained how it is that palsy from cerebral disease, affects the opposite side of the body; and described the tracts and lines of nervous structure, through which the transit of the palsy-stroke from one side of the brain to the opposite side of the body takes place. The place at which the palsy-stroke is communicated, is the junction of the spinal marrow and the brain. From this point according to Mr. Mayo, the palsy-stroke may extend its influence either upwards or downwards, or in both directions at once; its effects being feebler as the distance from this point increases; so the leg is less severely affected in hemiplegia than the arm, and the muscles of the orbit less often palsied than those of the face. The practical deduction from these views is, that palsy is not necessarily to be treated by depletion. Circumstances commonly indeed attend it, which indicate general or local bleeding; but the palsy itself is depression, and is not directly relieved by lowering remedies; which, when injudiciously resorted to, may be fatal. The meeting was very fully attended.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Mar. 12.—The Earl of Ripon, President, in the chair. Mr. Hamilton read a memoir, by himself, on the words *ἐπιστάτης* and *ἐποπλητής*, in the Sigeian inscriptions.

Although upon the monument known by this title, now in the British Museum, the labours of so many eminent writers on Greek palaeography have been employed, these words do not yet appear to be sufficiently explained.

The inscriptions state, that a certain Phrenodios gave to the Prytaneum, of the Sigeans, a bowl, a saucer, or stand, and a strainer. With regard to the first and last, *κράτηρ* and *θήρυς*, there is no difficulty; but in one inscription the saucer or stand is called *ἀποκρηθρίον*, in the other *ἱστάριον*. Hence these terms have been regarded as synonymous, although, in every other place in which they occur, the former is to be interpreted, "an object placed under another," and the latter, "an object placed over another."

This apparent contradiction the writer solved by a reference to the usual form of the Greek vase. The lower part of the vase being a bowl or crater, the lid answers exactly to the grammatical meaning of *ἱστάριον*. On examining the top of the lid, we observe an opening or hole, in the form of an inverted cone, evidently for the purpose of receiving the foot or stem of another smaller vase, which would be the *κράτηρ*, or ewer, a necessary appendage to the bowl. This lid or cover, therefore, is an *ἱστάριον*, in reference to the bowl, and an *ἀποκρηθρίον*, in reference to the jug or ewer.

This interpretation was further applied to explain a passage in Herodotus, (I. 25.) in connection with another in Pausanias, (X. 16.) in which these writers respectively describe a vessel presented at Delphi, by Halyattes, King of Lydia.

The whole subject indicated, Mr. Hamilton observed, how strictly the arts and literature of the ancients are connected together, and serve to illustrate and explain each other.

The Secretary read a paper, by Mr. Cullimore, on several subjects of antiquity:—

1. On a drawing of a bronze statue, inscribed with characters, found at Gozo, and lately produced at a meeting of the Society by Dr. Doratt. This monument appears to be very ancient. The figure probably represents an actor; perhaps Thespis; and some of the characters on it, *θεσπιδεύς* or *θεσπιθεύων*, seem to relate to the profession of a tragedian, and may refer to the name of the inventor of scenic representation.

2. On a royal *prænomén* upon a mummy case, in the collection of Mr. Sams. The name appears to be no more than a slight variation from that of Amenoph I., second king of the 18th dynasty. If such be the fact, this inscription raises the art of embalming to six centuries earlier than the highest date hitherto supplied from the remains of antiquity. The writer explained the characters, as signifying some military functionary employed about the royal person, such as "the captain of Pharaoh's guard." He lamented, that while so high a value is attached to the remains inclosed within them, the mummy-cases themselves should be commonly thrown aside as worthless.

3. The last subject treated in this communication, was the celebrated plate of the *brick-makers*, engraved in Rosellini's "Egyptian Monuments."

The figures in this plate are copied from the tomb of an officer under the second Osirtesen, named Neboph; and the illustrations on the Egyptian tombs having uniformly reference to the life of the deceased, it was inferred that Neboph was one of the principal overseers, or taskmasters, set over the Israelites, when reduced to slavery in Egypt. From this plate, and a tablet of Osirtesen I., copied by Mr. Wilkinson, and published in the Society's collection of Hieroglyphics, Mr. Cullimore further concluded, that the monarch to whom that tyrannical measure is to be ascribed—"the king who knew not Joseph"—was Osirtesen II.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 25.—Charles Lyell, Esq., President, in the chair. A paper was read, entitled "Remarks on the structure of large mineral masses, and especially on the chemical changes produced

in the aggregation of stratified rocks during different periods after their deposition," by the Rev. Adam Sedgwick.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

We now proceed to redeem our promise, and lay before our readers an abstract of Mr. Preston's analysis of the communication from Count Serristori, of Florence, (author of the "Saggio della Statistica d'Italia,") on the subject of the Statistics of Odessa, read at the last ordinary meeting of the Society. We shall begin with a brief sketch of the Topography.

The town of Odessa is built on the western shore of a bay, formed, between the mouths of the rivers Bug and Dneister, by an arm of the Black Sea, which stretches inland to a distance of some fifteen wersts.* It is bounded to the north, south, and west by lofty steppes. The port is commodious, and sheltered by two moles from the prevalent westerly winds. The result of observations made during several successive years, is, that on the average, the navigation of the port is interrupted by ice during only thirty-nine days in the year; although, in particular years, the gulf has remained frozen for two months together, while in others, the navigation has been sometimes wholly unimpeded, even in the month of January.

Odessa contains, according to a late return, 6494 habitations of various classes; 17 places of public worship, of different rites; 3 charitable institutions; 546 corn stores or magazines, (being about one to every dozen houses); 900 shops of various denominations; 4 chief hotels, and 1535 cellars, of which 496 are used as the depositories of wines and vegetables. The expense of lodging was, at one period, very great; and even now a good floor, consisting of seven or eight rooms, cannot be had for less than an annual rent of from 1200 to 2000 roubles.

According to the last census, taken in 1833, Odessa and its environs contain a population of 50,312 souls, of whom 26,532 are males, and 23,780, females. Of this total, nearly one-eighth part are Jews. The tables of mortality give an average of 117 deaths to each month in the year; the greatest number being in July and August, and the least in January and February. The following are some curious facts, respecting the average number of deaths, classed according to age, in the four years from 1824 to 1827:—

Age.	Annual average for the four years.
One month	615
1 to 3 Years	379
3 to 5	64
5 to 10	50
10 to 20	44
20 to 40	114
40 to 60	105
60 to 80	77
80 to 100	39

In regard to the important subject of education, Odessa, it appears, contains eight public and ten private seminaries for the instruction of the youth. The boys' schools form two-thirds of the whole, and contain 1374 pupils; the girls' schools 397 pupils. Hence, it appears that the proportion of female to male pupils, is about one in three; of female pupils to the female population one in sixty; of male pupils to the male population, one in nineteen; and of the whole of the pupils of both sexes to the total population, one in every twenty-eight inhabitants. According to calculations, made in 1827 by the Councillor of State, M. Lewschini, the proportion of male pupils to the male population, was one in every twenty-two; and of female pupils to the female population one in every 77 persons. It would thus seem, that though the population has increased, education has increased in a greater degree.

* The *werst* or *verst* (Russian mile) is equal to about 5 furlongs 12 poles English.

† In 1804 we find that Odessa contained 15,000; and in 1820, 36,000, inhabitants.

Touching our own especial matters.—*Literature and Science*, we find that the number of volumes imported into Odessa from foreign states, was, in 1831, 25,000; and in 1832, 40,000; being an increase of 15,000 volumes, or three-fifths. The total number of books printed in Odessa in 1832 and 1833 was sixteen, of which six were works on scientific subjects; six, works in general literature; and the remainder, elementary treatises connected with education. Besides the two public libraries—that of the city and of the Society of Rural Economy, and a Museum of Antiquities—Odessa contains four circulating libraries, two French, one Russian, and the other German, to which are attached reading-rooms, boasting 230 subscribers, or one in every 218 inhabitants. There are five periodical publications in French and Russian.

The nature of the soil immediately around Odessa, and the frequent recurrence of droughts, oppose serious obstacles to the pursuits of agriculture. Indeed, the harvest of 1832 did not yield the previous sowing, and the whole quantity of corn obtained did not amount to 3998 tchetwerts.† The average price of grain in the November of that year, was, for rye, 12 roubles 90 copeks, and for wheat 16 roubles 80 copeks the tchetwert. In the course of the same year, (1832,) the quantity of corn exported to foreign countries, through the port of Odessa, was 895,000 tchetwerts. Though thirty years ago scarcely a garden was to be seen in the environs, there are now, at least, 226 flourishing gardens or vineyards: the grapes grown in the latter produced in 1832, 9539 wedros|| of wine.

The number of manufactories in Odessa of different descriptions, (including three printing establishments,) is 30, which give employment to 350 workmen. The mean number of workmen annually employed in the private workshops of artisans in the period of 10 years, from 1823 to 1832, was 2627, or one in every 19 inhabitants; and assuming that each workman, one year with another, earns on the average 50 roubles per month, we find that the manufacturing costs of the work completed by the artisans of Odessa in 1832, was 1,764,600 roubles; and in 1823 that it was only 895,200 roubles, or considerably less than half. The number of capitalists in 1833 was 46. The fisheries on the borders of the Black Sea, are conducted by 489 individuals, divided into 46 companies.

In regard to the exports and imports through the port of Odessa during the nine years, from 1824 to 1832, it appears that the former averaged annually 16,431,289 roubles, and the latter 8,117,341; thus leaving an excess of exports over imports in the whole of the above period of considerably more than double. The greatest amount of exports and imports took place in 1830 and 1832, and the least in 1828 and 1829, in the first of which years the exports fell short of those of 1827 (18 millions of roubles) by *seventeen-eighths*, and the imports (10 millions) by *nearly one half*!‡

‡ According to Kelly, the Russian tchetwert (the principal measure used for corn) is equal to 5.952 Winchester bushels; consequently, 100 tchetwerts are equal to nearly 72½ English quarters.

§ The silver rouble is worth very nearly 3s. 2½d.; the bank note rouble of 100 copeks (in which all accounts are kept) is worth about 11d., but varies, of course, with the exchange.

|| The *wedro* is about equal to 3½ English wine gallons. The writer does not suggest either the immediate or the remote causes which led to this sudden and unprecedented falling off in the foreign trade; but we may mention, that the *battle of Navarino* took place in October 1827, the year immediately preceding the above defalcation; and hence, as it is well known that much of the foreign trade of Odessa is carried on with Turkey, Asia Minor, the Archipelago, and Greece, are we not warranted in coming to the conclusion, that the destruction of the Turkish fleet by the squadron of the allied powers, was the chief, if not, indeed, the only cause of this extraordinary change? and this conjecture is supported by the circumstance, that both the export and import trade gradually revived again from 1829, until it attained the flourishing condition to which we find it restored in 1832.

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The 13th anniversary meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday last, when the following gentlemen were elected as officers, and council, for the ensuing year: President, John Elliottson, M.D., F.R.S.; Vice Presidents, J. J. Hawkins, Esq., H. B. Churchill, Esq., J. Billing, M.D., George Lewis, Esq.; Treasurer, John Bell Sedgwick, Esq.; Secretary, Traver R. Fearnside, Esq.; Librarian, William Hering, Esq.; Curator, H. P. L. Drew, Esq.; Members of the Council, J. M. Bennett, Esq., W. Cullen, Esq., H. S. Roots, M.D., S. Whitwell, Esq., C. Wheatstone, Esq., J. Q. Rumbal, Esq., Joseph Moore, M.D., E. S. Symes, Esq., Jones Quain, M.D., Captain Lihoe, R.N., T. C. Granger, Esq., W. Wilson, Esq.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES.	Linnean Society.....	Eight, P.M.
	Horticultural Society.....	One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers.....	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Geological Society.....	p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Arts.....	p. 7, P.M.
THUR.	Royal Society.....	p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.
FRID.	Royal Institution.....	p. 8, P.M.
	Astronomical Society.....	Eight, P.M.

THEATRICALS

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, PATRICIAN AND PARVENU; THE BRIGAND; and POOPING THE QUESTION.
Monday, ALEXANDER THE GREAT; and the last Night of KING ARTHUR.
Tuesday, PATRICIAN AND PARVENU; and other Entertainments.
Wednesday, No performance.
Thursday, A Variety of Entertainments. For the Benefit of Mr. Bunn.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, LESTOCQ; and THE FOREST OF BONDY.
Monday, LESTOCQ; and THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.
Tuesday, LESTOCQ; and (last time) BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

MISCELLANEA

Croly's Edition of Pope.—"Mr. Editor.—I will not here discuss, what the reviewer in your last number asserts, that Pope was not, in his opinion, one of the greatest of our poets—though I am one of those who agree with Dr. Johnson and Lord Byron, that he was the greatest (always, of course, excepting Shakespeare). My present object is simply to correct two errors into which he has fallen, and which are, more or less, prejudicial to the work, though he is pleased to admit that Dr. Croly's notes are both numerous and valuable. The reviewer states, first, that the engraving of Pope's villa is as it now is, and not as it was: whereas the contrary is the fact; for the house is copied from an engraving taken in Pope's own time. The other error is, that the edition cannot be completed in six volumes, because the translation of Homer will, of itself, make as many; now it never was contemplated to introduce Pope's Homer into the work, because it would not only increase the number of volumes, but also be objected to by all purchasers who at present possess his translation.—*The Publisher of Pope.*" [What we stated respecting Pope's villa, was merely an impression, and we so expressed ourselves. Whether Pope's Homer, the crowning glory of his fame, forms any part of "The works of Alexander Pope"—so runs the title-page—we leave the public to determine. At any rate, this early explanation may save future upbraidings.]

Institute of British Architects.—Since our last notice of this Society, regular meetings have been held; but, as they only related to the arrangements preliminary to the commencing the scientific proceedings, they were not of sufficient importance to interest the public. During this period, Messrs. Cundy, Rebecca, Edwards, Gutch, M'Intosh, Brookes, have been admitted as Fellows; and Messrs. Crosby and Tuach as Associates, making the total number of members nearly seventy. At a special general meeting, held on Friday the 27th instant, it was announced, that Lord De

Grey had accepted the office of President. Charles R. Cockerell, Esq., A.R.A., presented a fine portrait of Sir Robert Taylor, architect, father of the late Michael Angelo Taylor; and Mr. Decimus Burton, Fellow, sent various engravings as a contribution to the collection, and a cheque for twenty pounds to lay out in casts; following the example of Mr. G. Basevi, Fellow, who had previously made a present of the like sum for the same purpose. Mr. Rhodes, Fellow, has sent the Institute a fine bust of Robert Adam, architect; and Mr. Angell, also a Fellow, has made a present of a fine collection of architectural casts and other fragments.

Steppes in Russia.—[Extract from a private letter from Berlin.]—Professor Gübel, who made a journey last year through the southern steppes of Russia, states the number of the nomadic Kirgisen, on the borders of the Wolga, to be 109,300; their Kibitki (tents of felt) to be 16,550 in number; their camels 99,300; and that they have 165,000 head of large cattle; 824,500 sheep (of the particular breed, with fat tails,) and 496,500 horses. He states that they had formerly three millions of sheep, but a contagious disease, and the severity of some of the winters, has reduced them to one-third of their original number.

Munich.—The court in this city has been particularly brilliant during the past winter. A fancy ball was lately given, which is highly spoken of. The princes and princesses represented different countries with their allegorical attributes, and one group was remarkable from having taken its costumes from the novel of 'Quentin Durward.'

Théâtre Français.—We announced, some time since, that a drama, of three acts, had been brought out at this theatre by M. Alfred de Vigny, founded on the history of the unfortunate Chatterton, and called by his name. The poet is represented as inhabiting an inn—perhaps, we ought to say, a public-house, though we suspect M. de Vigny means an English boarding-house; however, the hero in this dwelling falls in love with "an angelic Puritan" married to a brutal husband, John Bell. Tormented by his passion and his poverty, on finding himself unable to pay his rent, Chatterton attempts to poison himself, but is prevented by a benevolent Quaker who lives in the same house. He then writes to the Lord Mayor, an old friend of his father's, for assistance: aid is granted in the shape of a footman's place in the Lord Mayor's family. This drives Chatterton again to desperation, and after burning his MSS. he swallows a dose of opium. While dying, he discovers his love to Kitty Bell, who is so overpowered with grief that she dies immediately after, and the good Quaker falls on his knees, and prays for both their souls. We leave it to our readers to trace the analogy between this drama and the life of Chatterton.

Scientific Expedition.—A brig is to start, at the end of April, from France, to explore the coasts of Iceland and Greenland. Dr. Gaimard, who is already known as a learned traveller, is to accompany the present enterprise.

Steam Navigation to India.—The *Hugh Lindsay* arrived on the 12th ult. at Suez with the India mail, and brought intelligence of the occupation of the island of Socotra as a coal depot by the Indian Government.—*The Times.*

Fall of Fish.—A correspondent of the *Asiatic Journal* of Bengal, gives the following particulars of a fall of fish, which happened on the 17th of May last in the neighbourhood of Allahabad.—"The zemindars of the village have furnished the following particulars, which are confirmed by other accounts: About noon, the wind being from the west, and a few distant clouds visible, a blast of high wind, accompanied with much dust, which changed the atmosphere to a reddish yellow hue, came on; the blast ap-

peared to extend in breadth about 400 yards, choppers were carried off, and trees blown down. When the storm had passed over, they found the ground, south of the village, to the extent of two bigahs, strewn with fish, in number not less than three or four thousand. The fish were all of the Chalna species, (*Clupea cultrata*, Shakspeare's Dictionary,) a span or less in length and from one and a half to half a seer in weight; when found, they were all dead and dry. Chalna fish are found in the tanks and rivers in the neighbourhood. The nearest tank in which there is water is about half a mile south of the village. The Jumna runs about three miles south of the village, the Ganges fourteen miles N. by E. The fish were not eaten; it is said, that in the pan they turned into blood!

Brother Jonathan.—A joint commission having been appointed by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, to determine the boundary line between the States and the British North American possessions, the American commissioners proposed that the latitude should be calculated geometrically, that is, from the centre of the earth, which they said was a far more scientific and satisfactory method than the ordinary one of calculating it superficially from the pole to the equator. The effect of this would have been to give the United States a tract of country extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and averaging fourteen miles in breadth, to which, by the usual mode of calculation, they have no claim. Dr. Watson, to whom the British commissioners intrusted the scientific branch of the negotiation, quickly saw through the disinterested scheme of Brother Jonathan, and thereby preserved this large extent of territory to his own Government.—*Mechanics' Mag.*

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART. IN THE PRESS.

Annals of Lacock Abbey, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles. —Sketches and Recollections, by John Poole, Esq. Author of 'Paul Pry.'

Just published.—Sermons on the Second Advent, by the Rev. Hugh McNeill, M.A. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Sacred Classics. Vol. XVI. (Sermons for Easter.) 4s. 3d.—Burns' Works, edited by the Ettrick Shepherd, Vol. I. & II. 4s. each.—Old Maids; their Varieties, Characters, and Conditions, post 8vo. 6s.—Evans' Spirit of Holiness, 12mo. 4s.—Hammattaria; or, Elucidations of the Marvelous, by an Oxonian, royal 18mo. 7s. 6d.—Provincial Sketches, by the Author of 'The Usurer's Daughter,' post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Sketch Book of the South, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Grimsbaw's Life and Works of Cowper, Vol. II. 4s. 5s.—Twenty-one Illustrations to Scott's Poetical and Prose Works, royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Abercrombie's Intellectual Powers, 2nd edit, 12mo. 7s.—A Journey through Norway, Sweden, &c. by H. D. Inglis, Esq. post 8vo. 9s.—The Church in the Army, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Treatise on Equitation, or, the Art of Horsemanship, by Lieut. Col. Peters, royal 8vo. plates, 21s.—German and English Dialogues, by John Brunsen, 18mo. 5s. 6d.—The Anglo-Saxon Church, its History, Revenues, and General Character, by Henry Soames, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Book of Reptiles, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Persian Stories, by the Rev. H. G. Keene, M.A. 18mo. 1s.—Colonel Macaroni on Steam Power, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Butler's Hudibras, with Notes, by Nash, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—Leigh's Guide to Moscow, 18mo. 8s. 6d.—A Compendium of Ancient Geography, by a Lady, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Woodhouse on Musical Intervals, 12mo. 5s.—Captain Sword and Captain Pen; a Poem, by Leigh Hunt, post 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Hope's Treatise on the Diseases of the Heart, and Great Vessels, 2nd edit. 8vo. 21s.—Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to Brighton, with wood-cuts, by Bonner, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Posthumous Letters of the Rev. Rabshekah Gathercoal, 12mo. 5s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A. H.—Clio.—G. G.—P. G. S.—received. We repeatedly receive letters suggesting alterations, and asking questions respecting the Meteorological Table. Once for all, therefore, we beg to state, that it is kept by Order of the President and Council of the Royal Society, and that we have nothing to do but publish it.

We, in all sincerity, advise 'The Translator of L'Amateur' to let the subject drop. There is so much modesty and unalloyed good temper in his letter, that it would be painful to us to give him a moment's further pain.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MARCH.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY AT THE APARTMENTS OF
THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1835.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in degrees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.				
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.			
⊙ 1	29.257	42.9	29.364	43.6	32	36.8	38.7	34.8	38.3	.027	SW	Overcast—light rain and snow.
M 2	30.150	40.6	30.079	42.7	33	35.5	41.6	32.7	47.9		SW	Overcast—deposition—light wind. Evening, cloudy.
T 3	29.677	45.2	29.780	46.4	34	47.3	45.9	34.6	47.2		SW var.	A.M. Fine—light clds.—high wind. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless.
W 4	29.887	42.5	29.639	45.3	36	40.3	47.8	35.7	46.8	.101	SW	A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Overcast—brisk rain.
T 5	29.974	40.6	29.978	43.9	29	38.6	45.2	33.8	45.8		W	{ Fine and cloudless—light haze and wind. Evening, Overcast
F 6	29.378	44.7	29.588	47.2	38	43.5	49.2	37.2	49.6		W	{ —very light rain.
S 7	29.011	45.5	28.855	47.3	38	46.2	45.5	40.0	47.8	.011	S var.	{ A.M. Lightly overcast—brisk wind. P.M. Overcast—rain and
⊙ 8	29.798	42.0	29.827	44.9	32	38.4	44.2	34.2	44.2		SW var.	{ hail—brisk wind.
M 9	29.261	44.6	28.912	46.0	38	45.2	48.2	37.2	48.4		SE	{ Fine and cloudless—light haze and wind. Evening, overcast
T 10	29.495	41.8	29.602	45.0	31	38.2	45.8	32.7	47.6	.011	WSW	{ Fine and cloudless—light wind. Evening, very high wind.
W 11	29.550	44.8	29.598	47.2	42	48.5	49.9	36.9	52.7		S var.	Cloudy—very light rain and wind. Evening, fine and clear.
T 12	29.756	45.6	29.701	48.8	42	46.3	50.7	40.5	53.4		NW var.	Fine and cloudless—light wind. Evening, very high wind.
F 13	30.160	45.6	30.218	48.8	36	41.4	48.8	37.2	49.2	.011	SW	Overcast—light rain and wind. Evening, fine and clear.
⊙ S 14	29.994	46.5	29.998	49.7	41	45.2	54.6	40.0	54.2		SE var.	A.M. Fine—light fog. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.
⊙ 15	29.837	47.8	29.908	50.0	41	46.2	49.3	43.9	49.5		S	A.M. Overcast—deposition—light wind. P.M. Fine and clear.
M 16	30.067	46.6	30.051	49.5	39	45.0	49.9	38.9	50.6	.011	WSW	A.M. Overcast—light rain. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.
T 17	29.893	47.5	29.742	48.8	40	45.7	50.2	43.0	49.7		S var.	A.M. Fine and clear—light clouds. P.M. Lightly overcast.
W 18	29.930	45.9	30.004	48.7	38	43.3	47.7	39.9	48.6		N var.	Overcast—very light rain—unsteady wind.
T 19	30.259	43.2	30.247	44.2	30	36.6	42.5	34.7	44.7	.011	N	{ A.M. Lightly overcast—light brisk wind. P.M. Cloudy—brisk
F 20	30.334	45.0	30.307	48.4	38	45.8	52.2	35.0	52.3		S	{ wind. Evening, fine and clear.
S 21	30.243	47.3	30.208	49.1	42	48.2	51.0	45.2	51.3		SW	Foggy.
⊙ 22	30.261	47.8	30.257	48.7	41	45.9	46.4	43.9	47.6	.011	ENE	A.M. Lightly overcast. P.M. Thick haze.
M 23	30.259	45.5	30.229	48.2	40	43.7	47.4	37.4	47.7		NNE	Overcast—very light rain.
T 24	30.219	44.8	30.360	47.3	38	42.7	45.0	39.0	46.0		N	A.M. Thick fog. P.M. Overcast—light rain—brisk wind.
W 25	30.540	42.3	30.532	45.5	33	39.8	47.9	32.9	47.3	.011	E	{ A.M. Lightly overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light
T 26	30.474	41.8	30.372	44.9	34	36.5	47.6	32.9	46.8		N	{ clds and wind.
F 27	30.344	44.2	30.301	47.0	38	42.5	49.2	35.7	49.3		S	Fine—light clouds and haze. Evening, cloudy.
S 28	30.216	44.0	30.130	45.8	35	42.2	43.7	38.7	43.6	.011	ENE	A.M. Lightly overcast. P.M. Fine and cloudless—light haze.
⊙ 29	30.090	43.3	30.018	46.2	34	41.4	44.7	34.2	45.2		E	A.M. Thick fog. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
M 30	29.871	41.4	29.806	45.2	31	39.6	50.5	33.0	50.6		E	Cloudy—light brisk wind.
T 31	29.816	45.3	29.720	47.7	37	47.8	51.6	36.9	54.2	.011	SSW	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds—haze and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light
MEANS ..	29.936	44.4	29.914	46.8	36.5	42.7	47.5	37.2	48.3		Sum. .139	{ wind.
												{ A.M. Fine—thick haze. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless.
											A.M. Fine—lightly cloudy. P.M. Overcast—light rain.	
											Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capil- larity and reduced to 32° Fahr. . . .	9 A.M. 3 P.M. 29.903 29.874

*. Height of Cistern of Barometer above a bench-mark on Waterloo Bridge=83 feet 2½ in.—Ditto, above the presumed mean level of the Sea=95 feet.—
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